

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE."

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER IV. THE TRESCOTTS AT HOME.

"I'm blowed if this ain't a rum game!" exclaimed Mr. Alfred Trescott to his father, enunciating the words with some difficulty, by reason of the cigar which he held between his teeth.

The Trescott family was assembled in Mrs. Hutchins's front kitchen on the Sunday evening on which Mrs. Saxelby had taken counsel of Clement Charlewood. The mistress of the house was from home, and the master had retired to the attic in which he slept. Mr. Hutchins, poor hard-working man, always went to rest at about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, and usually enjoyed a long and uninterrupted slumber, to judge by the sonorous snores that made the lath and plaster of Number 23, New Bridge-street, tremble.

Mrs. Hutchins had become an ardent disciple of Miss Fluke, and was, at that moment, listening to the supererogatory sermon which Miss Fluke denominated "Sabbath evening lecture." Mrs. Hutchins found, to her pleased surprise, that she got nearly as much excitement out of Miss Fluke's spiritual exercises as from Rosalba herself; and she found, too, that whereas she must frankly own to seeking Rosalba for her own personal amusement and delectation, it was possible to lay claim to great merit and virtue on the score of her frequent attendance at the religious meetings held under the patronage of the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his family. In short, the profession and practice of the Flukian school of piety combined the usually incompatible advantages of eating one's cake and having it too. So Mrs. Hutchins was at present a model parishioner, and had—to use the jargon in vogue amongst the congregation of St. Philip-in-the-Fields—"got conversion."

Little Corda, still pale and delicate, but quite recovered from her accident, was sitting on a wooden stool before the hearth, with her head leaning against her father's knee, and her musing eyes fixed on the glowing caverns in the coal fire. Mr. Trescott was copying music at the deal table, which was strewn with loose sheets of manuscript orchestral parts, gritty

with the sand that had been thrown upon the wet ink to dry it quickly, and save time. Alfred took his cheap cigar from between his teeth, and repeated, with more emphasis and distinctness than before, that he was blowed if this wasn't a rum game.

"Alf," said Corda, looking up very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I wish you wouldn't say 'blowed' and 'rum.' They're quite vulgar words, and you ought not to use them. People might think it was because you didn't know any better. But you do know better, don't you?"

"Pussy-cat. I haven't time for your nonsense," was her brother's gracious reply; "I was talking to the governor."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Trescott, irritably, "what is it? What do you want? One, two, three, four—tut! you've made me write a bar twice over."

"Don't be crusty, governor," returned his son, coolly. Alfred was of an irascible and violent temper himself, but his father's nervous irritability usually made him assume a stoically calm demeanour. He felt his own advantage in being cool, and besides he had an innate and cruel love of teasing, which was gratified by the spectacle of powerless anger. "You needn't flare up; it'll only make you bilious, and I shan't be frightened into speaking pretty. I was saying that this letter of Miss Earnshaw's is a rum game."

Mr. Trescott finished the page of manuscript on which he was engaged, sprinkled some pounce over it, piled the loose sheets one upon the other in a neat packet, and then, gently moving Corda's head from its resting-place, turned his chair round from the table, and stared at the fire with hands buried deep in his pockets, and a thoughtful frown on his face.

"It's very natural," he said, after a long silence, "that if Mrs. Walton is her aunt she should want to get her aunt's address. I was sure, from the first moment I saw that girl's face, she was very like some one I know. And it's Mrs. Walton's blind husband, of course. There's a likeness between her and Polly, too; but Polly isn't so handsome."

"But ain't it a little odd, don't you think, that Miss Earnshaw shouldn't know her own people's address, but should have to write to us for it? Or is that very natural too?"

"Well," said Mr. Trescott, "I will send her

the last address I heard of their being at. That's all I can do. I suppose Mrs. Walton is still in the York circuit."

"Umph!" said Alfred, with a dry mocking laugh, "I wonder what my high polite friend Mr. Clement Charlewood would say if he knew. His folks all go to old Fluke's shop, and fall into sky-blue convulsions at the very mention of a theatre. I pick up a lot about them from that young ass, Walter."

"What *should* Mr. Clement Charlewood say if he knew? What is it to him?" asked Mr. Trescott.

"Why, I should think it wouldn't suit his stuck-up airs to have a wife whose relations were cadging about the country, as the Waltons did when we first knew them."

"A wife?"

Alfred nodded emphatically. "I ain't going to spin a yarn as long as my arm to explain it, governor; but I have good reason to believe that it's a case of unmitigated spoons with my friend the hodman."

Corda was listening attentively. She asked with flushed cheeks and eager eyes: "Is Mr. Charlewood going to marry Miss Mabel, Alf?"

"I don't know, pussy-cat," rejoined her brother, carelessly. "But look here, young 'un; just you keep your little tongue between your little teeth. Don't chatter to the fair Mrs. H., or to any one, about what I may say before you."

"I never talk to Mrs. Hutchins," said Corda, with a mortified expression of countenance; "and I'm sure I would never chatter about what you say, to anybody. But I *should* like Mr. Charlewood and Miss Earnshaw to be married! They're both so nice and kind. Wouldn't it be beautiful, papa?"

"Perhaps it might, darling. But we know nothing about the matter."

Alfred laughed provokingly, and nodded again.

"Well," said he, "I don't care a rap for the whole boiling. They may all go to the devil, head-foremost, for me!"

"I do care," said Mr. Trescott, nursing his lame leg, and beating the sound foot upon the ground rapidly, "I *do* care."

"That's a blessing for all parties," said Alfred; "but if you take that family under your patronage, you'll have your hands full. Walter is playing a nice little game with Skidley. Those chaps at the barracks are settling his business as clean as a whistle. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my soul, it was as good as a play to see 'em the other night at Plumtree's! That fool Wat Charlewood thinks he can play billiards. Lord, how they gammoned him! Old Charlewood will have to stump up to some tune, if Master Wat goes on much longer. Skidley's got lots of his L.O.U.s. So's Fitzmaurice."

"Set of scoundrels!" muttered Mr. Trescott between his teeth.

"Well, pretty well for that," said Alfred, "but they can't do *me*."

"Ah, Alf, Alf," said his father, with a sigh,

"I wish to Heaven you would give up that sort of thing altogether!"

Alfred shrugged his shoulders impatiently, but made no reply. Then there was a long silence amongst the three. A silence broken only by the loud ticking of that clock which Corda had listened to so many nights in her sick-bed.

"I spoke to Copestake yesterday morning about the close of the season," said Mr. Trescott at length. Copestake was the manager of the Hammerham theatre.

"Well?" said Alfred.

"Well, he don't see any chance of going on much after Easter; and it falls early this year. He wouldn't re-open till September. I don't quite know what to do."

"What to do? Why, we can't afford a six months' vacation. We must cut it, as soon as we get a chance."

"I was thinking, Alf, whether we mightn't manage to hang on about the neighbourhood without going quite away. In a musical place like this, there are always chances of something to do. And I have a few pupils already. And there are people's concerts, round about. And perhaps I could get a little copying to do, and so eke it out till next season. I think it's so much better to take root in a place if possible. So much better for *her*," he added, glancing down at Corda. (His face always softened when he looked at his little girl, but now it grew sad as well.)

"Ah, you'll find that won't pay, governor. No; better cut it. I would write to old Mof-fatt at once, if I was you, and go to Ireland, bag and baggage."

He had no strong desire to "take root," as his father phrased it. Alfred Trescott never cared to remain long in one place. He was conscious of possessing very considerable musical powers; and many of those who heard the lad play in his early youth, still maintain that he had gifts which might have gained him an European reputation; but they perished, for want of the one talisman that alone can ensure success—industry. It was strange to listen to the tones breathing exquisite tenderness and feeling which his bow produced, and then to hear himself the next moment uttering hard insolent cynicisms that chilled the heart. He could make his violin discourse eloquently and pathetically, carrying one's very soul aloft, as it seemed, on the soaring sounds. But the music ceased, and the musician remained cold, selfish, cruel, and cunning; sneering at sentiment, and denying goodness. Nevertheless, he was possessed at times by a feverish ambition, and indulged in wild dreams of brilliant success, and of all the sweets that such success can bring. Then he would delude himself into thinking that in a new place, among strangers, and surrounded by other scenes, he could, as he phrased it, "make a fresh start," and work his way upward. But the fresh start must have been within him; and no outward circumstances or surroundings could avail him anything.

It was true, that he did really know a good many particulars about the Charlewood family through Walter. That poor boy's friend, the Honourable Arthur Skidley, was a thoroughly black sheep. He was the younger son of a very worthy nobleman, whose limited means were quite inadequate to supply his extravagances. Already his sister's portion had been pinched to pay his debts, and his father had made some personal sacrifices to the same end. Mr. Arthur Skidley held a commission in a regiment of foot, and was stationed in Hammerham. Walter's weakness for "swells," and "tip-top family," and such-like dreary delusions, had led him to hover round Arthur Skidley as a moth flutters round the flame of a candle. And Walter had singed his wings severely. In fact, he was deeply in debt to his dear friend Arthur, even his very liberal allowance not having nearly sufficed to pay his gambling losses. Instead of having the courage to speak to his father, and face his anger at once, he went on in the hope of retrieving himself, and of course sank deeper and deeper in that slough of despond. Young Trescott, wary as a fox, and keen as a hawk, had read the whole history at a glance. He could present an agreeable exterior when he chose. Then, too, his singular beauty of face and figure prepossessed most people in his favour. Altogether, he was not unpopular at such places as Plumtree's, though Skidley had at first tried to stare him down, but that attempt had proved a signal failure—he might as well have tried to stare down a rattlesnake.

Alfred Trescott had taken a bitter aversion to Clement Charlewood. There was between them an antagonism of character almost similar in its nature to the chemical repulsion which certain substances exercise towards each other. With Walter, the case was different. Alfred sneered at him behind his back for his weakness and gullibility, but he rather liked him on the whole, and would, perhaps, have been even capable of doing him a kindness, had such kindness been possible without the least self-sacrifice on his own part.

The Trescotts had got back to the subject of Miss Earnshaw's letter, when Mrs. Hutchins returned from her evening lecture, and entered the kitchen laden with good books, and bringing a gust of freezing outer air with her as she opened the door. The expression of Mrs. Hutchins's face was not such as to counteract the chill of the cold air that accompanied her entrance. She looked solemnly, sternly, at the heap of manuscript music still lying on the table; and, raising her eyes to the ceiling, sighed. Her presence put a stop to the discussion, and soon after her return, Corda was sent to bed. Mr. Trescott carried his music paper to his own room, saying he must sit up to finish some band parts that were wanted for the next evening; and Alfred put the latch-key into his pocket, and betook himself to some congenial society.

"What's up now, I wonder!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, when she was left alone.

"We're mighty close all of a sudden. The very minute I come in they was all as mum as anythink."

And then Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to make a careful search in every corner of the kitchen; turning over the books that lay on the dresser, examining every scrap of paper, even peeping into a leathern tobacco-pouch of Mr. Trescott's, which had been left on the chimney-piece. As she put it down again, her eye was caught by an envelope lying singed among the ashes underneath the grate. She pounced on it, and, holding it close to the candle, examined it carefully. It was directed to — Trescott, Esq., 23, New-bridge-street, Hammerham. The postmark was much defaced, that corner of the letter having been scorched a good deal. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hutchins succeeded in reading E, and the final letters, L D.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a cunning smile, "Eastfield, eh? It's that there Miss Earnshaw, I'll lay anythink! What can she be writing to Trescott about? I've a good mind to mention it to Miss Fluke, and see if I can't get summat out of her."

Strengthened by this virtuous resolution, Mrs. Hutchins partook, with a good appetite, of a hearty supper of bread and cheese, and went to rest.

#### CHAPTER V. A DAY AT EASTFIELD.

"ONE, two, three, four, five, six; one, two, three, four, five, six. Third finger on C. Two, three, thumb under, four, five, six—six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin."

The wretched, ill-used, jingling old pianoforte was giving forth spasmodic discords under the unskilful fingers of a pale fat little girl, and Mabel sat beside her, with burning head and quivering nerves, engaged in that most wearing of drudgeries, an attempt to convey an idea of tune and rhythm to an utterly dull and obtuse ear.

Surely, of all kinds of teaching, giving music-lessons is the most exhausting to the nervous system. The horrible apprehension and anticipation of the wrong note before it is played, and then the more horrible jar when it does come, must be torment to a delicate ear. And then, in a school, the distracting monotony of repetition, the grinding out of the same dreary tune, over and over again, by one dull child after another!

"Six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin," said Mabel, wearily. "But, that will do. Your half-hour is over."

As Miss Dobbin rolled heavily off the music-stool, the parlour door was thrown open, and the servant-girl held out two letters between her outstretched finger and thumb, which she had carefully covered with her checked apron.

"Miss Earnshaw. Arternoon deliv'ry. This here's from your mother, miss; I dunno' th' other," said the girl, examining the direction. "Thank you, Susan," said Mabel, taking the letters quietly.

When she had got them in her hand, her

fingers closed tightly over her mother's letter; but she put it into her pocket with the other, and waited with outward patience until all the children had finished their afternoon practice. Then she ran up to her sleeping-room, and opened her mother's letter first. Her mother and Dooley coming to Eastfield next day. What could it mean? As she read on, her astonishment increased. Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood! And no word of reply as to the subject on which she had written to her mother! It was incomprehensible. She read the letter again.

"You will come and dine with us, dearest Mabel. Saturday being a half-holiday, I know you will not be very busy. Ask Mrs. Hatchett, with my best compliments, to spare you. We shall arrive in Eastfield by the 9.15 train from Hammerham, and will send for you at once. All explanations when we meet. Dooley is mad with delight."

Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood!

Mrs. Saxelby had mentioned from time to time in her letters that young Mr. Charlewood called frequently; that he was very kind and friendly; that he and Dooley got on capitally together; and so forth. But all this had not conveyed to Mabel the confidential terms on which he now was with her mother. Indeed, if Clement Charlewood could have known how seldom Mabel's thoughts had dwelt on him at all, during the time of her sojourn in Eastfield, he would have been much grieved, and a little mortified. He had thought so much of her.

Mabel sat pondering on the side of her bed, with her mother's letter in her hand, until a pattering footstep on the stairs disturbed her, and a breathless little girl came running up to say that Miss Earnshaw was wanted to read dictation to the French class, and was to please to come directly.

"I will follow you immediately," said Mabel, rising. "Run down and prepare your books."

As soon as the child was gone, Mabel pulled the other letter out of her pocket, and read it hastily. It was a very brief note from Mr. Trescott, written in a cramped thin little hand, and ran thus:

"23, New Bridge-street, Hammerham,  
Jan. 12.

"Dear Madam. In reply to your favour of the 7th inst., I beg to say that the last time I heard of Mrs. Walton she was engaged, with her family, in the York circuit. I do not know whether she is still there; but I have little doubt that a letter addressed to her, care of R. Price, Esq., Theatre Royal, York, would find her. Mr. Price is the lessee.

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. TRESCOTT.

"P.S. My little girl sends you her best love, and often speaks of your kindness to her.—J. T."

Mabel's day came to an end at last, and, at

about nine o'clock, when all the pupils were in bed, she tapped at the door of Mrs. Hatchett's sitting-room, and went in to ask permission to accept her mother's invitation. Mrs. Hatchett was sitting near a starved and wretched little fire, and a small table beside her was covered with bills and letters. Mrs. Hatchett was making up her accounts. She was a thin white woman, with a long face. Mabel could never help associating her countenance with that of an old grey pony which drew the baker's cart, and came daily to the door. There was a length of upper lip and a heavy ruminating stolidity in Mrs. Hatchett's face, highly suggestive of the comparison.

"Be seated, Miss Earnshaw," said the schoolmistress, waving her hand, encased in a black woollen mitten; "I will attend to you immediately."

Mabel sat down, and Mrs. Hatchett's pointed pen scratched audibly over the paper for a few minutes; then she collected her bills and papers, tied them into bundles with miscellaneous scraps of faded ribbon, and signified, by a majestic bend of the head, that she was ready to give audience. Mabel duly presented her mother's compliments, and requested permission to be absent on the following afternoon. Mrs. Hatchett accorded the desired permission, and Mabel went to bed.

When, at three o'clock next day, a fly arrived at Mrs. Hatchett's to take Mabel to the hotel, she stepped into it, almost angry with herself at the apprehensive dread she felt. When the fly drew up at the door of the hotel, there stood Clement Charlewood waiting to receive her, and in another minute she had run up-stairs and was clasped in her mother's arms, with Dooley clinging round her.

"Dearest mamma! Darling Dooley! Why, what foolish people we are, all of us," exclaimed Mabel. "Any one would suppose we were quite sorry to see each other!" For the tears were standing in her own eyes, and Mrs. Saxelby was wiping hers away. By-and-by, when the first flush had died from Mabel's cheek, her mother noticed that she was pale and hollow-eyed, and that she had grown very thin.

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that Mr. Charlewood had said he would go and attend to the business which had called him to Eastfield, and would leave her free to speak with her daughter.

"Oh, he is here on business?" said Mabel.

"Well, yes, partly. But it is business that I dare say will all be done in half an hour; he wished to invite Dooley to dinner, and took this opportunity of having us all together."

"Then this is Mr. Julian Saxelby's dinner, is it?" said Mabel, kissing her little brother's curly head.

"Es," replied Dooley, "but it ain't all for me. 'Oo, an' mamma, and Mr. Tarlewood is to have dinner too. I love 'oo, Tibby," added the child, pressing his fair forehead against his sister's breast, and clasping her waist with his arms.



"My own little Dooley! And I love you so, so much. Now sit still there, darling, whilst I talk to mamma."

Dooley was very willing to sit still with Mabel's arms round him, and his head on her breast, and he nestled close up to her.

"Dearest mamma, you did not answer the main point in my letter. I suppose you meant to reply to it by word of mouth?"

Mrs. Saxelby held one of Mabel's hands in her own, and was clasping and unclasping her fingers round it nervously.

"Dear Mabel," she said, "I do hope you'll think better of it. I think it is an altogether mistaken idea. And mind, Mabel! I do not speak on my own unaided judgment."

"On whose, then, mamma?" asked Mabel, with a flushed cheek.

"Ah, there, there. If you get angry, Mabel, I cannot speak. I shall lose myself directly."

"Not angry, mamma—not angry, but sorry. Why should you not trust your own unaided judgment? And who is there in the world whose opinion I am bound to prefer to yours?"

"Mabel, you know that I cannot rely on my own unaided judgment—I never could. And this, besides, is a matter that requires knowledge of the world and experience."

"Knowledge of what world? The world that I wish to enter, you and I have already some knowledge of. In this matter advisers would probably be more ignorant and inexperienced than we are. Mamma, are we to set aside what we *know*—what we have proved—in deference to the vague prejudices of other people? Is it reasonable? Is it honest?"

Mabel pushed her hair back from her brow with one hand as she spoke, and looked at her mother with kindling eyes. The action had been an habitual one with Mabel's father, and for the moment Mrs. Saxelby seemed to see her first husband's face before her.

"Mabel," she said, with an effort, "listen to me. Don't suppose that I am insensible to the dreariness of your present life. You remember that I never wished you to accept this engagement. The pay seemed to me too miserable, and the work too trying. But it does not follow that you should be tied to this drudgery for life." Mrs. Saxelby recalled Clement's words, and quoted them as accurately as she could.

"To this drudgery, or to another drudgery like to this. It matters very little," answered Mabel. "It's not all for myself, mamma—not even *chiefly* for myself—that I want to embrace another career. But, after all, I am *I*. I cannot be another person. This life is misery to me."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby was terribly puzzled. Her recipe had failed. She had taken advice, and had administered the prescribed remedy to the patient. But the patient tossed it on one side, and would not be persuaded of its virtues. Mrs. Saxelby began to feel rather angry with Clement Charlewood. What was

his advice worth? She had followed it, and it had produced no effect.

"My dearest mother, you say you have been taking counsel with some one. With whom?"

"Well, Mabel, Mr. Clement Charlewood has been speaking about your prospects, and——"

"Mr. Clement Charlewood! Surely you have not been taking counsel with *him* on this matter!"

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, if you are violent it is all over. Yes, I have been taking counsel—in a measure—with Clement Charlewood. Why should I not? He is very clever and very kind."

"Mamma, I am very sorry that you thought fit to speak to him as to my future. However, as it is done, it cannot be undone. But how should Mr. Clement Charlewood be a more competent judge than yourself of the course I propose to follow? You cannot assert that you have any real conviction that a theatrical career implies a vile or a wicked life!"

"Oh, Mabel!"

"I know, dear mother, that such words must sound horribly false in your ears. But yet, that and no other is the plain unvarnished meaning of the people who would dissuade you from allowing me to try it."

"No, no, no, Mabel; not necessarily that. But there are risks, temptations——"

"Temptations! There may be temptations anywhere, everywhere. Here in Eastfield, in Mrs. Hatchett's house, do you know what temptations assail me? No; happily you do not; I would not harass you, and humiliate myself, by writing them. But there is no kind of petty meannesses, of small miserable cheater, which is not practised by Mrs. Hatchett. There are temptations held out to me to be false in fifty ways. To connive at over-charges in her accounts, to lie, to cheat."

Mabel walked up and down the room with her hands pressed tightly on her burning temples, and the salt tears trembling in her eyes.

Mrs. Saxelby remained rocking herself to and fro on the sofa, in a state of doubt and bewilderment. With her, the latest speaker was almost always right. And her daughter's influence was fast obliterating the memory of Clement's words of counsel. Suddenly Mabel stopped.

"Do you forbid me," said she, "to write to my aunt?"

Mrs. Saxelby felt relieved. Here was at least a concession that she felt herself at liberty to make. Here was a respite—a putting off of any final decision.

"Certainly you may write to your aunt, Mabel. I never intended to forbid your doing that. I am sure no one can have a higher regard and respect for your aunt than I have. You will see what *she* says. I believe she will try to dissuade you from your scheme."

"Thanks, mamma. I will write to her. You are not angry with me, my own mother?"

Mrs. Saxelby clasped her daughter in her arms, and kissed her broad open brow again and again.

"I wish I could see you happy, my child," said the poor mother, wistfully.

"I shall be happy—we shall all be happy—as long as we continue to love one another. Only let no one come between us. Let no one come between us. Let us take our own path, and cling together."

#### CHAPTER VI. MRS. SAXELBY DOZES.

WHEN Clement returned to the hotel at five o'clock, to dinner, he found the mother and daughter listening smilingly to Dooley's elaborate account of all the interesting personages in Hazlehurst. He had already related how the kind old clergyman always spoke to him, and called him a good boy; had sketched vividly several thrilling adventures, in which his "pussy kitten" and a big dog, belonging to one of the neighbours, played the chief part, and was now deep in the private memoirs of the pig. So they all sat down to dinner in a merrier mood than might have been anticipated.

Clement did not venture to put any questions as to the result of Mrs. Saxelby's interview with her daughter. Mabel's manner to him was still reserved, but kinder than when they had parted. She felt his goodness to her mother, and Dooley's evident fondness for "Mr. Tarlewood," inclined her heart towards him. Mabel had always liked Clement Charlewood, and felt that he was to be relied upon. But her over-sensitive pride had received a wound from Penelope's sharp tongue, that made her still wince when she thought of it, and caused her to guard herself carefully from anything like softness of manner towards Clement.

After dinner, Dooley's health was drunk with all solemnity: Dooley himself standing up in his chair to do honour to the toast, and quaffing a brimming beaker of very weak sherry-and-water—say, water-and-sherry.

There was a cheerful fire on the hearth; the curtains were drawn, the lamp was shaded, and the room looked snug and home-like. Mrs. Saxelby was installed in a large easy-chair, with her feet on a cushion; and Dooley, beginning to show symptoms of sleepiness, curled himself up on the hearth-rug at Mabel's feet, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

"At what hour does our train start?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"I purposed returning by the 8.20 train, if you have no objection," answered Clement. "The next after that, is at midnight, and would be too late."

"Ah! And then we can set down Mabel on our way to the station. There is more than an hour before we need start. How delicious the warmth of the fire is! It makes one quite drowsy."

In fact, after a few desultory attempts at polite conversation, Mrs. Saxelby leaned back in her chair, and slumbered peacefully. Mabel held a slight screen in her hand, to shield her eyes from the glare of the fire, so that her face was partly in shadow, and Clement, sitting on the opposite side of the table, watched her furtively, and admired the delicate turn of the

throat, the round graceful head, and the shining gloss of the dark hair lighted up fitfully by red gleams of firelight. But he, too, had noticed that Mabel had grown thin and pale, and that there were dark hollows under her eyes, betokening suffering and weariness.

His heart yearned within him to take the slight girlish creature in his arms, and bid her lay down her load of care and trouble on his breast.

"You see I was right in saying *au revoir* when we parted, Miss Earnshaw," he said, in a subdued tone.

"Oh, I did not mean by my *adieu* that I should never see you again, Mr. Charlewood. I simply meant to express that thenceforward our paths in life would be so very different. In that sense our parting was a final one."

"If I believed that, it would be very painful to me. But you would not care?"

Mabel was silent.

"You will perhaps be angry with me, but I cannot help saying how grieved I am to learn from Mrs. Saxelby that you are not happy, here at Eastfield."

"Thank you. I did not expect to be happy here."

"You think, perhaps, that I have no right to enter into such topics with you; but Mrs. Saxelby has thought it well to confide in me. I did not seek her confidence, but I appreciate and respect it. I have not been meddlesome or importunate, believe me, Miss Earnshaw."

"I acquit you of anything of the kind," said Mabel, earnestly. "I am incapable of doing you so much injustice as to suspect you of being meddlesome, Mr. Charlewood."

"Miss Earnshaw!" There was something in his voice, subdued as it was almost to a whisper, that startled Mabel, and made her cheek flush deeply. "Miss Earnshaw, I—I wish—I am painfully conscious of being at a disadvantage with you; but I wish I could persuade you to trust me as—as—a brother."

"To trust you, Mr. Charlewood? I do trust you."

"No, not as I would have you trust me. Mrs. Saxelby has told you that she confided to me your project of going on the stage?"

"Mamma did tell me so."

"I strongly urged her to dissuade you from that project."

"She also told me that."

"And have you allowed yourself to be convinced?"

"Convinced! Mr. Charlewood, on most questions I would defer to your judgment, but not on this. I have a vivid recollection of my life in my uncle's family, and I say that they were good people—good, true, honest people, living a much higher and nobler life than this Mrs. Hatchett, for example, who scarcely ever speaks a true word, or smiles a true smile, or looks a true look, from morning to night."

"You speak harshly," said Clement, with a pained manner.

"I speak quite truly. I cannot judge the woman's heart. There may be motives, excuses—what do I know? But it is vain to frighten me with a bugbear, represented by such a woman as my Aunt Mary, and then bid me turn and admire Mrs. Hatchett."

"Your aunt, I have been led to understand, is an exceptional person."

"She is so; and so, I trust, is Mrs. Hatchett. But I do not believe that the profession people follow makes them either good or bad."

"Dear Miss Earnshaw, you cannot know all the considerations that weigh against your scheme. A woman should shun publicity. At least, that is my idea."

"A woman should shun dishonesty, evil speaking, lying, and slandering. All these things are very rife in the privacy of my school life. But we will cease this discussion, if you please. I appreciate your good motive, Mr. Charlewood; and, if you will let me say so, I am very grateful to you for your friendship towards mamma. As to me, I suppose I have put myself out of the pale of your good graces. But I am not cold-hearted or ungrateful. Perhaps some day you may think better of me."

The moment's softening of the candid brow, the unlocking of the haughty lips from their scornful curve, the half-timid, half-playful look of appeal in her face as she uttered these words, had an irresistible charm for Clement. He leant his folded arms upon the table, and bending across it, until his hair nearly brushed the hand she held up to screen her face, whispered tremulously, "Mabel, I love you."

She turned upon him for a moment in the full blaze of the lamp a countenance so white, and lighted by such astonished eyes, that he was startled. Then the tide of crimson rushed over neck, cheek, and brow, and she dropped her head upon her outspread hands, without a word.

"Mabel, Mabel," he said, "won't you speak to me? Have I offended? have I hurt you?"

Here Mrs. Saxelby, turning in her chair, opened her eyes for a moment, and said with great suavity, "I hope you are entertaining Mr. Charlewood, Mabel. Don't mind my closing my eyes; I can hear every word you say." And the next moment she gave utterance to the gentlest and most lady-like of snores.

"Mabel," said Clement, in a voice that trembled from the strong effort he was making to command himself, "I beseech you to speak to me, or I shall think I have pained you beyond forgiveness."

Mabel slowly raised her face, which was now quite pale again, and looked at him; but she said no word, and her mouth seemed fixed into a frozen silence.

Clement rose from his chair, and coming round to where she sat, knelt on the ground beside her, close to the child who lay nestling at her feet.

"Mabel," he said, "I did not intend to speak

to you so, and now. But the words I have said, however poorly uttered, are the truth. I love you with all my heart, so help me Heaven!"

She clasped her hands so tightly together, as to press a slight plain ring she wore, deep into the soft flesh.

"I am very sorry," she said at last, with an effort.

"Very sorry! Oh, Mabel!"

He rose and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment.

"Very sorry! And I would give the world to make you happy."

"Pray, pray do not speak to me any more now. I cannot bear it."

"No, no. I will not distress you. I will be patient. I will wait. I have taken you by surprise, and have been brusque and awkward. Do not give me your answer now. You will let me write to you, see you again. Only this one word more. Believe that I shall always, always be your friend—your dearest and closest friend on earth, if you will let me—but, come what may, a faithful and devoted friend."

She had hidden her face in her hands once more, but he could see by the heaving of her breast that she was weeping.

"I do not ask you to speak to me, Mabel. But if you believe that I will be true to that promise, and if you trust me, give me your hand. I shall understand and shall be grateful. You won't refuse me so much, for old friendship's sake."

For the space of a minute she sat motionless, save for the sobs which shook her frame. Then, without raising her head or looking up, she held out to him her little hand, all marked and dented by the pressure of her ring.

He took it very gently between both of his, and, bending over her, whispered, "God bless you, Mabel." And then there was silence between them.

When Mrs. Saxelby awoke at the jingling entrance of the tea-tray, she found that Clement had partially withdrawn the heavy curtains from the window, and was gazing out into the blackness of the night.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Saxelby, apologetically, "I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Charlewood. I'm afraid I've been dozing." The good lady had been wrapped in a profound slumber. "I'm so sorry, for I fear that dear Mabel has not been the liveliest companion in the world. Poor darling! She is tired and worn. I shall be so thankful when Easter comes, that she may get away from this place."

Then they had tea, and Dooley had to be aroused and wrapped up for his journey, and then it was time to go. They drove first to Mrs. Hatchett's, and set down Mabel.

Very little was said on the journey back to Hammerham. Mrs. Saxelby merely told Clement that she had given Mabel leave to write to her aunt, but nothing was decided on. Clement leaned back against the cushions of the railway carriage and mused. The day had been a disappointment. That was his predominant feel-

ing. He had hoped, he scarcely knew what, from this little expedition; and now, everything looked very blank, very dreary.

Mabel stole quietly into the garret, already occupied by three tired little girls, and lying down in her poor bed, cried herself to sleep in the darkness.

### OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

#### A STRING OF HIGHWAYMEN. I. DICK TURPIN.

MR. RICHARD TURPIN rode many miles from the time he left the cradle till he reached the gibbet, but he never rode from London to York, nor, in fact, did any one ever accomplish that extraordinary ride. The myth is, however, founded on a real incident. In 1676, one Nicks, a robber haunting the road between Chatham and London to rob sailors returning to town with their pay, and Kentish traders on their way to London, plundered a traveller at four o'clock in the morning on the slope of Gadshill, the spot immortalised by Shakespeare, and for ever associated with Falstaff's delightful poltroonery. Being on a blood mare, a splendid bay, Nicks determined to prove an alibi in case of danger. He rode off straight to Gravesend; there detained an hour for a boat, he prudently baited his horse; then crossing the water, he dashed across Essex, full tilt to Chelmsford, rested half an hour, and gave his horse some balls. Then he mounted and flashed on to Bramborough, Bocking, and Wetherfield, fast across the downs to Cambridge; quick by by-roads and across country, he slipped past Godmanchester and Huntingdon to Fenny Stratford, where he baited the good mare and took a quick half-hour's sleep. Then once more along the north road till the cathedral grew up over the horizon larger—larger, and whiz—he darted through York gate. In a moment he had led the jaded mare into an inn stable, snapped up some food, tossed off some generous life-giving wine, and in a fresh dress—say green velvet and gold lace—strolled out, gay and calm, to the Bowling-green, then full of company. The lord mayor of the city happening to be there, Nicks sauntered up to him, and asked him the hour. "A quarter to eight." "Your most obedient." When Nicks was apprehended and tried for the Gadshill robbery, the prosecutor swore to the man, the place, and the hour; but Nicks brought the lord mayor of York to prove an alibi, and the jury disbelieving in Sir Boyle Roach's bird anywhere out of Ireland, acquitted the resolute and sagacious thief.

Nevertheless, Richard Turpin's career is not uninteresting, as he was a tolerably fair type of the highwaymen of George the Second's time, although there was nothing especially gallant or chivalrous about the rascal. His career shows the sort of people from whom the highwaymen obtained their recruits, the light in which society regarded them, and the inevitable ride up Hol-

born-hill to Tyburn-tree, to which two-thirds of them came after a short career of alternate beggary and riot.

Richard Turpin was the son of the landlord of the Bell at Hempstead, in Essex, who bound him apprentice to a Whitechapel butcher. Having served his time, Turpin set up as a butcher in Essex, on the economical principle of stealing all the cattle he sold. Being at last detected, he joined some smugglers in the hundreds of Essex; but finding this mode of life too precarious, the ex-butcher headed a gang of deer-stealers which infested Epping Forest. Deer-stealing growing dangerous, Turpin and his men took to burglary, beginning by getting four hundred pounds from an old woman at Laughton, under threat of roasting her on the grate. At Rippleside, also, they broke into a house, blindfolded the farmer and his family, and secured eighty pounds each. "That'll do," said Turpin; and getting bolder now, the gang (in Turpin's absence) resolved to attack various persons who had attempted to betray them. Four of them broke into the house of Mason, a forest-keeper, killed Mason, threw him under a dresser, drove the women naked into the farm-yard, broke everything in the house, and were lucky enough to see a hundred and twenty guineas stream from an old punch-bowl that they wantonly smashed. Six of them next broke into the house of Mr. Saunders, a rich farmer at Charlton, in Kent. They bound the farmer's friends, who were at cards, and then forced Saunders to go with them and open all his boxes, closets, and escritoirs, till they had obtained a hundred pounds in money and all the plate. They drank a bottle of wine, ate some mince-pies, and forced the fettered prisoners to take some brandy. They then packed up the booty, and made off, threatening to return and murder all the family if they dared to move outside the house for two hours, or if they ventured to advertise the marks on the plate. This robbery was planned at Woolwich. After effecting it, the robbers crossed the water to an empty house in Ratcliff-highway, and there quietly divided their spoil. They now got so daring and reckless that, as early as seven o'clock one January evening in 1738, they forced their way into the house of a Mr. Lawrence, at Edgeware. They only obtained about thirty pounds, but threatened to burn the farmer alive if he did not discover where his money was hid. A reward of fifty pounds for their apprehension had no effect in alarming Turpin's gang; for the next month they broke into the house of Mr. Francis, a farmer, near Marylebone, and stole thirty-seven pounds, some rings, diamonds, and a silver tankard. The women were bound and guarded by one of the band, while Turpin and another, with loaded pistols, stood over the men, who were tied up in the stable.

Kent, Essex, and Middlesex were now in arms; for no one seemed safe, and the pottering old constables, and the fussy and still more imbecile county magistrates, were powerless. Mr. Thompson, one of the king's park-keepers,



having, however, got a promise from the Duke of Newcastle for payment of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of Turpin or any of his colleagues, the thieves began to grow more wary. One night, as Turpin and three others were carousing in an alehouse in an alley at Westminster, the constables burst in and seized three of the robbers, but Turpin leaped through a window and escaped. These three men were eventually hung in chains very soon after.

Turpin, finding that nearly all his old friends were given to the crows, now set off for Cambridgeshire. On his way, he stopped a well-dressed man and threatened to blow out his brains because he bantered him, and was not quick enough in handing out his purse.

"What! dog eat dog?" said the man. "If you don't know me better, Mr. Turpin, I know you, and shall be glad of your company."

It proved to be King, a notorious highwayman, who at once entered into partnership with Turpin in all his robberies. As no landlord, however rascally, would now entertain these rough-riders, the two men dug a cave, hidden by brambles, hazels, and thorns, near the high road between King's Oak and Laughton road. The cave, large enough to hold both them and their horses, was well situated for reconnoitring. Turpin's wife supplied them with food.

They one night stopped a Mr. Bradele, and their treatment of him is characteristic of highwaymen's etiquette. Mr. Bradele gave up his money readily, but was loth to part with his watch, till his little girl cried, and begged him to surrender it. King then insisted on having an old valueless mourning-ring, but seeing Mr. Bradele prized it, he said he and his pal were too much of gentlemen to deprive him of anything he valued so much. Mr. Bradele then offered to leave six guineas at the bar of the Dial, in Birch-lane, and to ask no questions, if he might keep his watch and his ring. King accepted the offer.

Soon after this a servant of Mr. Thompson, the park-keeper, and a daring higgler set out to trap Turpin in his cave. Turpin took them for poachers, till the servant presented his gun, and called on the highwayman to surrender. Turpin gradually retreated to his cave, took up his loaded carbine, and shot the too-venturous servant dead. The other then ran off. Turpin soon after was nearly surprised at an inn at Hertford, and then made for London, through the forest. Finding his horse tire, he stopped Mr. Major, owner of the famous racer, *White Stockings*, changed horses, and dashed off to London. Mr. Major confiding his loss to Mr. Boys, landlord of the Green Man at Epping, Mr. Boys took it very much to heart, and devoted his time to discovering Turpin's lair. He at last found Mr. Major's horse at the Red Lion Inn, in White-chapel. He seized the man who came to fetch it, who proved to be King's brother, and who confessed that a tall lusty man in a white duffel coat was then waiting for it in Red Lion-street. Mr. Boys going out, and seeing it was King, the highwayman, instantly attacked him. King

drew a pistol and flashed it at Boys's breast, but it missed fire, and his second pistol got entangled in his pocket. Just then Turpin dashed up, and King shouted:

"Dick, shoot him, or we're taken, by——"

Turpin instantly fired, missed Mr. Boys and shot his friend, who died a few days afterwards. King taxed Turpin with cowardice and treachery, and betrayed his haunt in Hackney-march to Mr. Boys; but advised him to be cautious, as Turpin usually carried three brace of pistols, and had a carbine slung at his back.

Turpin's haunts being now known, the not very chivalrous scoundrel stole off to Lincolnshire, where he lived by sheep and horse stealing, and by raids into Yorkshire, hiding at Machel Cave, North Cave, and Welton, and often riding back to Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, with a string of stolen horses, which he sold, without exciting much suspicion. Our most romantic reader will have observed the utter want of true courage and gallantry in this man's whole career. Never fighting against odds or in fair combat, always intent on the guineas, and taking care to be superior in force to the traveller he stopped, cruel to unarmed farmers, he was a mere mounted thief, and nothing else. In the first real dangerous scuffle he loses his head, and shoots his old companion, either by treachery or mistake. Burglar, sheep-stealer, horse-stealer, smuggler, his hands were now red with murder, and the whole country was up against him. No more revels in Westminster lanes, Blood Bowl-alley, or Thieving-lane; no more selling plate to Jew receivers. The thief-takers were on his heels.

Turpin's blustering insolence and cruelty led at last to his betrayal. Returning one day from shooting at Long Sutton, he wantonly and in cold blood shot one of his neighbour's fowls, and threatened to blow out the brains of a friend who remonstrated. He was instantly apprehended, at once discovered to be the famous horse-stealer and highwayman, and was sent off in chains to York Castle. The farmers crowded to the prison to identify their ruthless spoiler, and he became one of the shows of the ancient city. Nothing, however, daunted him; he spent his time joking, drinking, and telling stories, and was "as jovial, merry, and frolicsome, as if he was quite at liberty and insured for a good hundred years of life." He scoffed at the chaplain, and expressed no remorse for any of his thousand and one villainies.

His vanity was chiefly busy in preparing for the last scene, and he bought a new fustian frock and a pair of pumps to take his leave of the world respectably. The morning before his execution he gave three pounds ten shillings among five men, who were to follow the cart as mourners, and to purchase black hatbands and gloves for several more. He also left a gold ring and two pairs of shoes to one of his mistresses, who lived at Brough. John Stead, a horse-stealer, was his companion in the cart; but all eyes were turned on Turpin as he bowed to the ladies, and waved his cocked-hat with the

courage and effrontery of his class. After he mounted the ladder, he talked half an hour with the hangman, then threw himself resolutely off, and died in a moment.

He was only thirty-three, but in that time he had crammed as much mischief as a man well could. His body lay in state all that day at the Blue Boar at Castle-gate, and the next morning was buried in St. George's churchyard within Fishergate-postern. The next evening the surgeons dug up the body for dissection, and removed it to a garden. The mob, with a sympathy so often misplaced, was furious, and carried the corpse on a board covered with straw in triumph through the streets of York; they then strewed the coffin with lime, replaced the body, and interred it in the old place.

## II. HALF-HANGED SMITH.

Naval officers, who have been saved from drowning at the last moment, have recorded their impressions of their feelings, as they sank down fathoms deep into a liquid grave; at that moment, we are told, the pressure on the brain sometimes seems to wake the memory into supernatural activity, and every small detail of past life defiles in one instant before the eyes. Men, after weeks of cannibalism, have described the miseries that drove them to that horrible extremity, and the remorse that followed the act. After the Black Hole business at Calcutta, there was one reflective man who survived to set down in writing the horrible phenomena of excessive and prolonged thirst. Not many philosophers, however, have escaped from the gallows to tell us the feelings that follow hanging; of the few that have, Half-Hanged Smith's experiences are the most curious.

Smith was the misguided son of a farmer at Malton, Yorkshire. He was bound apprentice to a packer in London, and afterwards went on board a man-of-war, and distinguished himself in Sir George Rooks's gallant attack on the French and Spanish galleons at Vigo in 1702. He then enlisted in the Guards, became thievish and dissolute, and turned house-breaker and highwayman. On the 5th of December, 1705, he was arraigned on four different indictments, convicted on two, and sentenced to death.

On the 24th, he rode to Tyburn, performed his devotions, and was hung in the usual way. When he had been suspended fully fifteen minutes, there was a murmur in the distant crowd, that gradually grew into an excited shout of "Reprieve, reprieve!" The mob divided into two parts, a horseman, waving a broad paper, dashed up to the gibbet: Smith was reprieved. The mob instantly cut the rope, caught the man in their arms, bore him into the nearest house, and bled him till he slowly recovered.

When he perfectly regained his senses, he was asked what were his feelings at the time of execution, to which he replied: "That when he was turned off, he, for some time, was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently press-

ing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze, or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down."

After this narrow escape, Smith pleaded for pardon, and was discharged. He was always after known among the London thieves and constables as "Half-Hanged Smith."

The old ties were, however, too strong; again he got on the road, and was found tampering with other people's doors. He was soon after again tried at the Old Bailey for house-breaking, but the jury being uncertain, and leaving it to the twelve judges, Smith was eventually acquitted. Fortune was never tired of rescuing this rogue, surely born under a lucky star, for, at a third trial, he obtained his liberty by the sudden death of the prosecutor.

Such escapes were not very uncommon before the new drop rendered death inevitable when the bolt was once drawn. In 1740, a man named Dewell, who had been hung, came to life on the dissecting-table at Surgeons' Hall, and in consideration of this was, on his recovery, only transported. There is an Edinburgh story of an old woman who recovered, after hanging, from the jolting of the cart that was taking her to the churchyard. There was a thief at Dublin, too, who was recovered after being hung, and who had the boundless audacity to appear in the Ormond Quay Theatre the same night, and hoarsely, but boastingly, report the fact to the delighted "boys" in the gallery.

## III. THE PRESS-ROOM AT NEWGATE.

On the 1st of November, 1720, two highwaymen, named Spiggott and Phillips, with three companions, all in masks, stopped the Wendover waggon, near Tyburn. The thieves tumbled the boxes out of the waggon, carried off the portmanteau of a Buckinghamshire gentleman, knocked the waggoner down, and one of them, who came on foot, rode off with a pack-horse. The portmanteau contained a gold watch, twelve Holland shirts, two pairs of laced ruffles, four turnovers, two cambric bosoms, two pair of stockings, a hat, a periwig, and twelve guineas. A Mr. Merrit and some officers instantly assisted the disconsolate carrier, and hid themselves in an inn in the Broadway, Westminster, where the highwaymen were in the habit of coming to hire horses. Spiggott, Phillips, and a third man came into the stable for horses about ten o'clock in the morning. Merrit and his men instantly closed on them. A man named Rowlet fell on Spiggott, tripped up his heels, and scuffled with him for nearly half an hour. The highwaymen fired two pistols, and shot Rowlet through the left shoulder. Spiggott was trying to draw his sword, and had got it half out. A constable, named

Bryan, snatched the sword and thrust at Spiggott, but missed him, and ran a butcher through the leg. Spiggott swore he would kill a thousand of them before he would be taken; but eventually more men tumbled on him, and he gave up his sword, and cried, "I've done." Phillips presented a musketoon at Hill the constable, but fortunately it only flashed in the pan.

The men were instantly identified by John Watkins, a Monmouth carrier. They had stopped his pack-horses on the 12th of November, at Bishop's Grove, on Hounslow-heath. Spiggott had clapped a pistol to his breast, bade him stand, and swore if Watkins did not tell which horse the money was on, he would kill them all. Phillips, in the mean time, drove off a pack-horse with goods valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. A gentleman named Sybbald also deposed to Spiggott and two other men having stolen fifteen guineas from him on the 25th of August, on Finchley-common. One of them had the cape of his coat buttoned up over his chin, and the other kept the ends of his long wig in his mouth, for disguise. One of them secured his servant; the others held pistols on either side of him, made him dismount, and turned his horse loose on the common.

At the bar, Spiggott and Phillips declared they would not plead till their horses, furniture, and money were returned to them. As they continued to obstinately "stand mute," and refused to plead to their indictment, they were at once ordered to be pressed to death—a cruel and inhuman punishment, worthy only of the Inquisition, and long since abolished. The executioner tied their thumbs together. In the press-room, Phillips consented to plead; but Spiggott was determined to save his effects for his family, and to escape the ignominy of the gallows. The ordinary of Newgate earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the highwayman from thus hastening his own death and shortening the little time left for repentance, but Spiggott only replied:

"If you come to take care of my soul, good; but if you come about my body, I must be excused, for I won't hear one word."

Spiggott was then stretched on the stone floor of the dim room of torture, his feet bare, his face covered with a light cloth. His arms and legs were widened out, and fastened by cords to either side of the wall. The doctor was summoned, and while the turnkeys were clanking the weights into a heap, ready for use, the miserable wretch was legally informed that as much stone or iron as he could bear, "and more," would be placed upon him till he consented to plead. The first day he would be given three morsels of barley bread, but no drink; the second day three gulps of any water (not running water); and this would be his diet till he died, after which his goods would be all forfeited to the king.

But he would not plead; so they began to pile him with masses of iron, till three hundred and fifty pounds weight rose in a ponderous pyra-

mid upon his chest. The poor wretch lay sometimes silent, as if insensible of pain; then again he would fight for life, and fetch his breath quick and short. The chaplain, more merciful than the jailer, knelt and prayed by his side, and several times asked him why he would hazard his soul by such obstinate self-murder. The only answer Spiggott ever made was to murmur faintly:

"Pray for me! pray for me!"

There was something touching in the fact that the unhappy creature frequently complained of the prodigious weight laid upon his face, though there was really only a light cloth, purposely left hollow. It was supposed that the blood forced into the brain and veins of the face caused this horrible sensation. After half an hour of this agony, the jailers increased the weight fifty pounds more, so that there was now four hundred-weight on his chest. Then, with the life slowly pressing from him, Spiggott at last groaned to take it off, and he would plead. Instantly the cords were cut, and the weights removed; the man was raised by two turnkeys, some brandy was put to his mouth, and he was carried, pale and almost insensible, to the court to take his trial. He remained for two days faint and almost speechless. Then he recovered a little strength, but relapsed, and expressed a wish to receive the sacrament, thinking he should not live till execution-day. He afterwards rallied somewhat, and attended, prayers in the chapel twice a day.

This intrepid man had no reasons for bearing this torture except a wish to prevent his goods from being forfeited. He did not wish his children to be reproached with his death, and he desired, above all things, that the informer Lindsey might not boast of having sent him to Tyburn. He was especially incensed against Lindsey, whom he had once rescued from death at the peril of his own life, and got wounded in the struggle.

Spiggott would sometimes wish he had died in the press; for, just before he was taken out, he had fallen into a stupor of benumbed sleep, and had hardly any sense of pain left. At other times he rejoiced that he had still time left for repentance. He was the son of an ostler at Hereford, he was twenty-nine years old, a cabinet-maker by profession, and had three children living. He said he could not remember ever shedding tears but once in his life, and that was when he parted from his little boy in Newgate.

Phillips, his companion, was a Bristol sailor, and some years older. He had served in the Dover man-of-war, under Admiral Byng (not the unfortunate scapegoat of a blundering government), and had fought in several actions against the Spaniards. He was a wicked, audacious, obdurate villain, took a pride in recounting his villainies, and used to boast how he and Spiggott had robbed a hundred passengers from different waggons in one night, and left them bound in a row upon the road.

He derided the ordinary, swore and cursed when the other men were at prayers, and

shouted ribald ballads when they sang Sternhold and Hopkins's psalms. He would not suffer any one to read or pray, or even look serious, and especially tormented poor Spiggott, his friend, by beating out his candles and rattling his irons when he went to prayers. The more devout the others got, the worse he became, beating and kicking them up and down the condemned cell. The prisoners at last entreated that he might be removed from them. He remained obstinate to the last, saying under the very gallows "that he did not fear to die, for he was in no doubt of going to heaven."

Spiggott owned to about a hundred highway robberies, chiefly on Hounslow-heath and the Kingston and Ware roads. He said he did not desire to live; for since his punishment he could hardly breathe, and he should only drag through life a weak and unhealthy man. Both men were executed at Tyburn on the 8th of February, 1723.

#### IV. GALLOPING DICK.

The chief interest about this man is, that his career exemplifies the system of confederation between highwaymen and postboys that led to so many of the robberies on the road. Richard Ferguson, alias Galloping Dick, was the son of a gentleman's servant in Hertfordshire, and was brought up as a stable-boy, and subsequently as postilion at an inn in Piccadilly. There he became drunken, dissolute, and abandoned. Getting acquainted with highwaymen, they soon began to bribe him to give information at Abershaw's rendezvous of the times of chaises' starting, and when travellers with money were likely to pass. When driving post-chaise between Hounslow and London, he had afterwards daily to drive past the gibbet where his old companion, Aberslaw, hung jingling in chains. He seems to have lived for some years partly as a driver and spy, and partly as a highwayman. One of his greatest robberies was the stopping the East Grinstead waggon at Brixton-causeway—he and six others. Dick's skill in managing horses led him always to choose a nag fit for a quick retreat; for Dick was prudent as well as brave. On one occasion, he and two others stopped and robbed two gentlemen on the Edgeware-road, but three other gentlemen riding up soon after, the five together gave hot pursuit, and Dick's two companions were run down, and soon afterwards tried and executed. When his associates complimented Dick on this rapid retrograde movement, he boasted that he could gallop a horse with any man in the kingdom. Henceforward he acquired the nickname of "Galloping Dick." He was repeatedly at Bow-street, but always succeeded in getting clear; at last some Bow-street patrols caught him in 1800, and sent him to Aylesbury for trial.

When left for execution, Dick decorously prepared himself for death, and made his ending with considerable resolution and penitence.

#### V. ROBBING THE MAIL.

We have already shown that there was little romance and less chivalry about these vermin of the roads. They were not at all like that gallant gentleman in square-cut scarlet coat, gold-lace hat cocked awry, high black boots, and little light fetters that tinkle playfully like watch-chains all over him, who sits on the edge of a table in the Beggar's Opera, and sings about the "heart of a man" in that jaunty devil-may-care way that only stage tenors can assume. They were much more like that grim, broken-down old rogue in Hogarth's picture of the gambling-house, who mopes over his losses by the fire, unconscious even of the glass of strong waters proffered him by the blackguard boy of the house. You see the brass butt of a horse-pistol peeping out of his pocket. Well, its owner, before midnight, will be stopping a coach at Hounslow or Finsbury, and perhaps in a week more will be swinging on a gibbet somewhere down the great north road.

The fact is, the life was a degraded, hopeless, bad, and scurvy one. There was no room for brave men in it. A coach was seldom stopped unless the assailants preponderated in force. These thieves were greedy, cruel, and heartless. They stripped the poor carrier and frightened country-woman as soon as the rich grazier or the portly country squire. Half the bag of guineas they got was spent on Jew dealers, who charged three hundred per cent for bartering stolen plate, which the highwaymen could not otherwise turn into money. The thief-taker always knew where to have these poor rascals when they refused to pay their black mail, or became worth a good reward. Not one man among them, *not one*, from 1660 to 1800, ever earned a name for remarkable courage. Let us sketch two more of these pests of the eighteenth century, and then leave them.

On the 16th of April, 1722, the Bristol mail boy was stopped near Colnbrook by two mounted highwaymen named Hawkins and Simpson. The boy had been joined by a friend as he rode past the Pied Horse at Slough, blowing his horn. The robbers had handkerchiefs in their mouths, and had pulled their wigs forward over their faces. A rogue on a chesnut horse held a pistol to the boy's head, saying to him, "You must go along with me." He then took the boy's bridle, and led him down a narrow lane. The other man led the other postboy. He then asked Green, the first boy, if he was the lad who swore against Child (a highwayman who had been hung the year before for robbing the same mail). He said he was not; he'd only been postboy a little while yet, and had never been robbed. The two men with the pistols then swore horribly, and said:

"Why then you must be robbed now, and pay your beverage; we will be revenged upon somebody, for poor Child's sake."

They cut the bridles, turned one horse adrift, and rode off on the Bristol boy's black gelding, leaving the lads bound back to back,



and tied to a tree in a ditch. After a great deal of struggling, the lads got loose from the tree, but could not get from each other, so they scrambled back to back to an inn at Langford, and returning to the spot found the bags cut open and the gelding loose.

In the mean time the two highwaymen had ridden off from Harmonswoth-lane, and taken the Bath and Bristol bags to Hounslow-heath. Thence they rode through Kingston and Wandsworth, and, going down a by-road, searched the bags, and threw the refuse over a hedge. At night, locked in a private room at the Cock and Goose, in the Minories, the thieves examined their spoil for the first time minutely. They found the total to be three twenty-pound notes, one twenty-five-pound note, half of a fifty pound, and two halves of twenty-five pounds each. Hawkins and Simpson were tracked, on the Monday following, to a midwife's house in Green Arbour-court, in the Little Old Bailey, at about half-past eight at night. The house was quite dark, and the old woman was frightened; but the constables told her to light a candle, as they had come to search for stolen goods. The highwaymen, who were in the loft above, hearing this, called out:

"We are the men you want, but — the first that comes up is a dead man."

Mills, a constable, called out to them, "You may shoot as soon as you will, for we are as ready to shoot as you." Upon which the men came down quietly and surrendered themselves. When they were told that a comrade (Wilson) had turned evidence, Hawkins said:

"Why, then, we are dead men; but we had rather lose our lives than save them in such a base and infamous manner as that villain Wilson has saved his."

Simpson and Hawkins were tried at the Old Bailey sessions, May, 1792. They both appeared well dressed, in "fair tie-wigs and ruffles." Simpson wore "a genteel suit of light cloth, and Hawkins a silk nightgown (such as you see the rake wearing in Hogarth's pictures)." Hawkins was the son of a small farmer at Staines, and had been butler to Sir Dennis Dutry, who discharged him for pawning some plate. One night, beggared at the gambling-house, he scraped together some money, bought a horse and a pair of pistols, and rode off to Hounslow-heath. There he robbed the passengers in a coach of eleven pounds, and returning to the King's Head, at Temple Bar, stayed there till it was all spent. Wilson, the informer, had been clerk to a lawyer in Lincoln's Inn. Simpson had been a publican at Lincoln, afterwards footman to Lord Castlemain. The favourite haunt of these men was a public-house near London-wall. As the landlord kept livery stables, his customers could get horses at all hours. Hawkins and Simpson, during their companionship, had stopped half the mails out of London. In one morning they robbed the Worcester, Gloucester, Cirencester, Bristol, and Oxford coaches, and the next day the Chichester and Ipswich. To use their own

words, "we were constant customers to the Bury coach, and think we touched it ten times." Their evening rides were generally between Richmond, Hackney, Hampstead, and Bow. Sometimes they went their rounds behind Buckingham-wall. The insecurity of London is remarkably shown by one or two facts in the career of these men. On an August evening in 1720, Simpson and Hawkins robbed a coach in Chancery-lane, and another in Lincoln's Inn-fields. In going off, to use their own confession:

"We met with my Lord Westmoreland, who had three footmen behind his coach. We had some difficulty in robbing his lordship, for the watch poured in upon us; but a pistol being fired over their heads, they retired pretty fast, and gave us an opportunity of escaping."

Hawkins behaved penitently in prison, and shed tears at the sermon before his execution. Simpson was calm, firm, and composed. On their way to execution, they scarcely ever raised their eyes from their books to regard the vast crowd, nor would stop at St. Giles's for the usual bowl. Hawkins died with great difficulty, entreating the people to pray for him, but Simpson was more composed. Their bodies were carried to Hounslow-heath, and there hung in irons.

#### LITTLE BLUE EYES.

WE were bored to death, Ted and I, and it was at Overcourt. There was a circulating library, to which no one subscribed, and which consequently did not circulate; there was a croquet-ground, with a total absence of hoops, balls, and mallets; there were little boats (possibly for rowing) with the bottoms out; and there was a shop which sold worse cigars than are to be found even at Boulogne.

Gentlemen, I appeal to you. Can I say more? Still, being there for a week, and with no money to take us elsewhere, there it was necessary to remain. I trust I make this reasonably clear?

It was our nightly custom, and our one amusement, to walk up and down the only promenade of the place (for whom it was made has not yet been discovered: Ted thinks for visitors), smoking ourselves "seedy." Ted, who did not care to give in to adverse circumstances, used to try what singing would do towards enlivening us.

He composed a little song, really beautiful in its simple truth and earnest fervour. Here it is:

And now another day is done;

And when we see to-morrow's sun,

We'll know another day's begun,

Let's hope that, too, will soon be done.

There was not a girl in the place, or we should have allowed her to make two conquests, thereby doing our little best to increase her girlish vanity, and render her generally insupportable at home. Such was the state of

affairs on the first day; but towards noon on the second day we saw a rainbow for one thing—and, for another, two girlish figures on our walk, dressed both alike in brown carmelite dresses, brown carmelite jackets made loose to the figure, and large brown salad-bowls for hats, neatly trimmed with brown ribbons.

Anything more hideous it is impossible to imagine. Whence had the frightful apparitions come, and why did they haunt our only walk? We had wished for girls, like the bad queens in the fairy tales; but—we appealed to each other—had we wished for such as these? We both politely replied we had not, and continued our observations at a safe distance. "I'll tell you what," says Ted, after a short pause, "I'm blest if I'll yield up our walk to them. If they don't like our being there, they can do the other thing, and go off. But Overcourt is not like London; and if we give it up to them, we shall have nowhere to go; besides, even then we should meet at church."

Quite so. Always considerate, Ted is. I am not virtuous myself, but I admire virtue in others, particularly in Ted, and should think it wicked to put any difficulties in his way, when he is ready to sacrifice himself. So down we go to the sea, under the delusion that we are going to astonish them, even as they had astonished us, though, we flattered ourselves, in a rather different manner.

Not at all. They looked—not at us, but at their hateful brown carmelites, very much as if they didn't like them, and dexterously gave the salad-bowl, which were doing service for hats, a pull which made them, if anything, uglier than they were before. But they took no more notice of us than if we had been a couple of caterpillars.

Very slowly we walk along (Ted putting on his Regent-street airs), throwing less and less expression into our eyes every time we pass them. They are, or appear to be, utterly unconscious of our presence.

I begin to think Ted's a most unmeaning countenance.

So the morning passes, until it seems that we are fated not to see their faces, they keep them so religiously turned away. When suddenly the wind, which had before been helping these girls, now sides with us, and blows one of the salad-bowls over the cliff into the sea.

And there is the damsel all forlorn. Such a pretty girl, such a bright piquant little face, such a charming addition to Overcourt, which, after all, is not so bad—under certain conditions.

Need I say that I rushed frantically on to the beach and secured the frightful hat, while Ted stood staring helplessly above like an utter fool? To those who know us I feel it must be quite unnecessary to say so. But perhaps it may be as well to mention, that when I returned, hat in hand, to the summit of the cliff, I found Ted and the pretty girl as fast friends as it is possible to become in three minutes and a half: which indeed exceeds the time I was away.

She thanked me in a very steady little voice, and in a set speech which I believe she had composed during my absence.

Very sensible of her, too; anything must be better than listening to Ted's drivellings. I never saw such a fellow! Intelligent enough with men, you have only to hand him over to a woman, and he undergoes transformation, appearing as idiotic as if he had been born a down-right fool. He always declares he wasn't. I don't know. I should like to have asked his mother.

We all say good-bye, for the little beauty puts on her huge extinguisher (not a whit uglier for having been in the water), and, hiding as much of her pretty face as possible, makes another set speech about "going home" and "papa," and, giving me her hand at parting (charming little girl, but she needn't have given it to Ted—I am afraid she has not much discernment), takes possession of her sister and decamps, looking, the moment we lose her bright face and pretty natural manners, as preposterous a little figure as one could wish to see.

"That's my style!" says Ted, with great satisfaction, after watching her disappear in the distance. "A jolly-looking girl, with a bright good-tempered face, and eyes that look straight at you with no sort of affectation of shyness, yet without effrontery. Too simple-minded for a coquette, too natural for a prude."

I remark, dryly, that that's *my* "style" too; but Ted has become suddenly deaf, and doesn't hear me. We agree, however, that Overcourt improves on acquaintance, and each of us has serious thoughts of visiting it again next year.

The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me, And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.

The next day she dawns again upon our horizon—with papa this time as a horrid cloud to play propriety—and with the little sister, who is also very pretty, but somehow not so taking, not so piquant and original. My little beauty has been going in for personal adornments. The curly brown hair is all tied up with a long blue ribbon to match her eyes, and floats upon the brown carmelite; the salad-bowl is in shape again, even though the shape is atrocious, and is trimmed with blue ribbons like those in her hair.

The little lady is not troubled with shyness; she introduces us to "papa," who doesn't even pretend to look glad to know us, but remarks à propos of nothing, unless, indeed, it be the blinding glare of the sun upon the cliffs, that he thinks "it is going to rain."

We tell him we don't, both politely, of course, but both at the same time, so that it is quite impossible for him to hear either of us, which, his pretty daughter perceiving, looks wickedly up at me.

Very foolish of her, if she had only known it. I can never answer for myself what I may or may not do with a pretty girl glancing up at me with innocent blue eyes curiously sparkling

with a wickedness that belongs not to the sweet face and laughing rosy mouth. The odds, I feel guiltily, are sadly in favour of my kissing her there and then; though papa plays propriety like a strict old dragon. Fortunately (that is, fortunately for our future intimacy, not fortunately as regards present gratification), Ted chimes in, and, by causing her to drop her eyes, delivers me from a sin, or banishes it to an unknown future.

How intimate we all grew in the course of that long summer morning! Long before its close, "blue eyes" had revealed to me many charms besides her pretty face and natural unaffected ways. It didn't do to treat her to our usual common-place talk; she saw through it at once, and quietly showed that she did so in a few quaint remarks very prettily turned. She was not in the least clever in the light of saying sharp things. She was too thoroughly kind-hearted to be sarcastic, and her quaint little speeches were as natural to her as—Ted's clumsy blundering ways are to him. A most amusing little blue eyes, and well versed in all the provincial small-talk of the place. Among other things, she told us of a ball to be given at Harwich, to which both she and her sister had a great wish to go, only they didn't feel quite sure of their dress.

"You see," she went on, "we have nothing here but these brown carmelites, and I don't think they would look very well."

I didn't think so either; but I wasn't going to tell her so. I praised the hideous attire, and pronounced it, with the addition of a few artistic touches (I haven't the least idea what I meant), just the thing for a dance.

Ted put in *his* oar, fully agreeing with me. "Besides," he added, "you *mustn't* be too bewitching, your papa wouldn't like it; such pretty daughters are a horrid responsibility, without your trying to make things worse."

"Seriously, though," said blue eyes, "you think we can go as we are?"

We assured her with perfect gravity that we "thought so;" and the pretty face brightened directly.

"It won't matter much, after all," she said, "at the sea-side. And we can put on our hair-cloth bodies, which will take off a little of the heaviness."

We stood aghast. What were haircloth bodies?

It wouldn't do, however, to show our ignorance, so we said, "Yes, *that* would do nicely," and the thing was considered settled.

It was agreed that we should meet them at the ball. Blue eyes was there before us, and of course papa and the little sister also, but *they* were as nothing to us. Blue eyes was there in her thick white haircloth body; a great improvement on the brown carmelite, still inconsistent with the gay scene around her.

Fortunately for her, however, she was pretty enough to wear what she liked, or rather in this case what she had. She knew no one, and her father was very particular, and wouldn't let

her dance with everybody, or nearly everybody, who asked her. He got her a few partners through one of the naval officers stationed at Harwich, and whom he knew; but beyond this, and us, he laid his "veto."

Ted and I were in our element. We danced every dance with her after the first or so, and each waltz was better than the last. She was a most indefatigable little dancer, and several times nearly caused me to give in, though she was light enough in all conscience, and a mere nothing to hold.

But with Ted it was different. The dear boy danced till he was frightful to look at, and would have shamed a boiled lobster that had any sort of self-respect left in him; yet still he would not give in, and the wicked little sprite had no compassion.

I began to be afraid that Ted would have a fit, and that blue eyes would be the cause of it. Ted always times things so ill. It is not as if he had a room to himself to have one of his fits in. In an uncomfortable bed at midnight, in a double-bedded room, there should be I, sleepless, with Ted groaning horribly, and sprawling at full length on the floor, like some hideous overgrown frog. Clearly, then, I must put a stop to it.

So I go up to them, and—smiling at his partner—tell Ted he will make himself unwell, and will be quite knocked up in the morning; and I amiably propose to blue eyes that *I* be allowed to finish this eternal waltz.

Ted looks refractory and stubborn, though steaming; and blue eyes, very quietly, declines the exchange.

Blue eyes prefers Ted!

After all, what *is* Ted! A gentleman by birth and position, it is true, and amusing enough withal; but surely blue eyes, like all other girls, thinks most of looks, and here I flatter myself I *do* come in. I am of the average height, slight, dark, and of prepossessing appearance; decidedly better-looking than the general run of men; while Ted is ridiculously tall and broad, of the true Saxon type, with fluffy yellow hair, blue eyes, shining white teeth, and all the rest of it. It is impossible; *no* girl in her senses could prefer Ted.

Yet—after supper—on the stairs?

This is what happened after supper on the stairs.

Blue eyes, looking (very properly, too) mortally ashamed of herself, sitting on the edge of a most uncomfortable step, with one little hand clasped in Ted's, who was spooning in the most alarming manner (alarming at least to any one who knew how his fits were usually brought on), and finishing up by a deliberate offer of marriage.

Blue eyes then made one of her absurdly formal little speeches, bringing in "papa" three times; and finally ended where she might as well have begun—by accepting Ted.

But I was resolved to give her an opportunity. Young, poor little thing, and inexperienced!

Next morning, on the sands, I contrived to meet her, and delicately hinted at the state of my feelings towards her: thereby giving her a chance of an escape from Ted, if she were so inclined. Apparently she was *not* so inclined, for she seemed unusually dense, and carefully misunderstood me the whole time. When I had quite finished, she told me what had happened on the stairs last night, and demanded, in her pretty imperious little manner, to be congratulated: "papa" having interposed no objections.

Congratulate her! Blue eyes engaged, and not to me! I looked unutterable things at Ted when he joined us; but that young man paid not the smallest attention to me. I looked at blue eyes. She seemed very happy.

How to account for this, now? Take Ted, when she might have taken *me*? And yet in her right mind! I can only account for it, on the supposition that she had never heard of his fits. Nor indeed had I myself ever heard of his having any other fit than a love-fit: only, when *that* was on him, in the height of that everlasting waltz, he looked as if he were fit to fall into any number of other fits—and (though I am greatly attached to him) I wish he had.

#### A MAN-OF-WAR IN THE ACORN.

An oak-tree, wrestling with the wind,  
Shook down an acorn where I stood;  
I turn'd aside, I would not crush  
That little orphan of the wood.

It was as smooth as the brown egg  
That prisons in the nightingale,  
By fairy files was notch'd and barr'd,  
Its cup symmetrical as frail.

In bowls like this the moonlit dew  
Elves gather from the violet flowers,  
Or from the hawthorn shake the drops  
Remaining from the noonday showers.

A spirit showed me, hid within  
The acorn's little dusky shell,  
A floating tower, perhaps to ride,  
Three centuries hence, on waves that swell

Around the iceberg's sapphire cliffs,  
Or the rough Baltic's storm-swept strand;  
Perhaps to threaten with its fire  
Some bastion of the Eastern land.

Yes! see above the bulwarks smile  
Frank sunburnt faces, as the guns  
Vomit their thunder-burst of flame—  
Those cheers are from old England's sons!

See down go colours, spars, and mast,  
Blood-spouting like a dying whale  
The rival ship has struck, and now  
The dear old flag flaunts in the gale.

Then once more rings the lusty shout,  
And once more rings the stirring cheer,  
O'er the dark blue rolling waves  
That smites the proud foeman's heart with fear.

Sail on, brave ships, spread nobler faith,  
A truer creed, a wider love;  
For on your sails from opening skies  
Glance rays of glory from above!

Sail on, sail on, ye winged towers!  
Far be your angry thunders hurl'd,  
And bear our Heaven-lighted flag  
Around a subjugated world.

The vision fades. Now let me plant  
With reverent hand, the acorn seed,  
Deep in the kindly English soil,  
On which the oak loves best to feed.

May happy summers nurse the bud,  
And April's brightest, softest showers  
Widen this germ to nobler life,  
And give its limbs a giant's powers!

Rock, but rend not, ye winter storms!  
Spare, spare, the helpless little tree;  
Earth, nurse it kindly till it float,  
Bulwark of Home and Liberty!

#### CURRAGH CAMP.

IN the bare and sombre aisle of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, close to the blank and heavy wall which now supplies the place of arches and clustering pillars, on the right hand as you enter through the great gate, there is a strange old monument. It is the recumbent figure of a warrior sheathed in complete armour, with his shield upon his left arm, his bands clasped as if in prayer, his legs crossed like those of dead Crusaders. Close under the shield there is a figure as of one sawn asunder in the midst. The features and dress indicate that this is the memorial of a woman. The two are hewn out of ponderous blocks of granite, darkened, mellowed, and polished by age. An inscription, itself ancient, let into the wall above, informs the stranger that "the roof and bodie" of Christ's Church fell down nearly three centuries since, and broke the monument beneath. Painfully deciphering the old characters, you learn that the mailed figure is that of the great Strongbow, the conqueror of Leinster, and that the mutilated effigy beside him represents the doom of Eva, his wife, daughter of King Dermot. The legend runs, that once when Strongbow had but ninety knights to keep the castle of Dublin, Eva betrayed the weakness of the garrison to her countrymen, and that Strongbow, in the excitement of victory, condemned the traitress to be sawn in two. One portion of her body was cast to the dogs, the other was reserved for hallowed ground. There exist many forms of the legend, but one historical fact is clear; it is through this Eva that the Queen of England holds the royal manor of the "great plain of Kildare."

Long prior to Eva's sin against the English pale, the church and the poor had rights over the pastures of the Curragh. You can see in strong relief against the golden sky on summer evenings—for then the sunsets on the Curragh are gorgeously beautiful—the tall and graceful round tower of Kildare, and the long lancet windows of the ruined cathedral, contrasting, even in desolation, with the tasteless erection of modern times beside it. Here Saint Brigid,



with her sister-nuns, kindled every night a beacon fire upon the tower, to guide wanderers upon the Curragh to warmth and shelter. Here she fed and clothed the converts she won from paganism. She formed one of that trinity of Irish patrons commemorated in the monkish line:

*Brigida Patricius atque columba pius.*

Hard she found it to keep all the poor who claimed dole at the abbey gates, for famine had ragged sore in the land, and the black-death followed famine; but the prayers of Brigid had virtue in them, and when the daughter of an old king of Leinster lay dying, and there was no hope in man or Baal, Saint Brigid raised her, and then the king told the saint to name what reward she pleased. So seeing the spearmen driving the poor men's sheep from the Curragh, she said, "Give me for my poor so much of that green pasture as this holy robe of mine shall cover." So the king laughed almost in mockery, and granted her request. Then angels came and took the holy robe from the saint's shoulders, and bore it gently over the centre of the Curragh, and there it grew and spread until it hung a vast crimson canopy over the whole plain, which still retains the form of that sacred vestment. From that hour to this, the dwellers round the Curragh claim and enjoy the rights of pasture which Saint Brigid and the angels won for them.

Last summer a royal commission was appointed to investigate the origin and extent of these popular rights. The government desired to lease the Curragh to the War Department, and to construct permanent stone barracks for six or seven thousand troops. It was intended to preserve all vested rights, or to give compensation should these be interfered with, if claimants could establish their title—a hard thing for the poor to do. Evidence, both oral and documentary, was produced abundantly. There were letters patent, crown grants, and charters conceded to abbeys now in ruins. These rather proved the rights of the landowners round the plain than those of the commoners. These did not repeat to the commissioners the old tradition, but they spoke to each other of the legend of Saint Brigid, and believed it. And when Lord Strathnairn gave his evidence, proving that the sheep-owners and the military benefited and accommodated each other, and spoke like a good soldier in behalf of popular rights, the poor said, "The Curragh is our own still, and Saint Brigid's doing is not undone." So the white sheep in many thousands now dot the green expanse of the Curragh.

The Curragh is not "a plain," though often so designated. It is formed by a succession of low, gracefully sweeping hills separated by sheltered dells. These hills are nearly all alike in form, and during the spring and summer, and in kindly seasons up to the depth of winter, these appear as mounds of gold from the glowing blossoms of the furze. They are covered, except where the furze crops up, from base to

summit with short crisp verdure, ever browsed upon by thousands of sheep. Under an alluvial deposit, they are formed of limestone, gravel, and grey sand to the depth of two hundred feet and more. Amidst the limestone and the upper clay are found small boulders of granite, whose rounded and polished surfaces exhibit proofs of the action of water, and mutual attrition through ages. No rain ever rests on these hills, or lingers in the valleys; it percolates rapidly through the light loam down to the looser gravel far beneath. One hour after the most violent rain/fall the roads are dry and white, and the elastic turf, smooth and level as a carpet, quickly exhales the moisture. Indeed, the natural drainage of the Curragh is so "thorough," as to be a cause of some inconvenience. Three or four small pools alone afford water for the sheep and kine, and for the wild birds which float over the plain in flocks. Round the Curragh edge, where the land is low, long narrow channels detain the drainage water. This water is of a pale green colour, and is reputed to be peculiarly nourishing for horses. On the south-eastern side of the Curragh, a holy well supplies the people far and near. The camp derives its supply from deep excavations connected by channels with a large reservoir into which the water is drawn by a powerful steam-engine, and then is forced to the highest portion of the camp. No stream seems to rise on the immense surface of this expanse. The rain runs to the bottom of the drift, and forces passages for itself in the lowlands far away. To one looking over the Curragh from the great Rath of Moteenanon, it presents the appearance of vast waves of verdure, as if a mighty sea of drift and gravel had suddenly been fixed for ever in the moment of its greatest agitation, and then been covered with green. Here and there the dells and miniature valleys seem to have been hollowed out by eddying torrents, as the great deluge rolled by into the boundless bog of Allen. One vast elevated spine, two miles in length, runs across the Curragh from west to east. It is higher, broader, vaster far than any of the other hills. A torrent must have swept furiously on either side, and thrown up the debris and alluvial from the distant mountains. It rises a huge island from a sea of green, itself green, except where men have cut the turf away, and built up roads in Roman fashion. In the most remote period, and in the domain of legend, nations made the Curragh their battle-ground. On the eastern end of the Long Hill are five of those circular earthwork forts or raths, which, in Ireland, are always said to be the work of Danes. Further on are two; then, clustering near the great central citadel of Moteenanon, are five; and stretching away from hill to hill are others, far as the eye can see. Here, too, are "croch-auns" and sepulchral mounds, some of which have been explored and yielded precious relics, treasured now by the Royal Irish Academy. On the western end a rath, higher than the rest, still bears the terrible name of "Gibbet

Rath," and a long line of raised sward, whose grass is ranker than the rest, tells how sanguinary was justice in the ancient time. This rath is now a favourite place from whence to view the brilliant array of an army in review, or engaging in sham fight. Few think of the gibbet and the creaking chains, and the ghastly things which once swayed and dangled overhead, or of that line of graves.

As you descend from Newbridge, a station on the Great Southern and Western Railway, twenty-two miles from Dublin, at a sudden sweep of the road, close by a neat Wesleyan church built of corrugated iron, you see at once the immense line of the camp far above on the topmost ridge of that Long Hill I spoke of. A tall clock-tower, whence every portion of the Curragh can be seen, shoots up in the centre. Close in front six pieces of cannon guard the flag of England. On the right of the tower is the Catholic chapel, on the left the Protestant church, each capable of containing eighteen hundred worshippers. Here are the schools, marvels of neatness and efficiency. Here also are the post-office, conducted with true military precision and regularity, the savings-bank, the telegraph station, and the fire-engine dépôt. If you could see through the hill, you would discover on its further side a considerable market where traders bring their goods, and the country people their produce. A busy stirring scene it is, and a gay one too, when the trig, neatly dressed, and comely wives of soldiers come forth to cheapen and purchase what they can. How is it that soldiers, married "with leave," can keep their wives and little ones so trim on such scanty pay? They are fair-haired, clean-skinned English girls, most of them; and they present the very picture of health and of content. But here they buy all sorts of goods; nothing comes amiss in the camp. Purchasers and "the ready penny" are found for everything the garden or the farm can produce; and hence the peasantry, in the vicinity of the camp, are very independent. But away from the clock-tower, to the right and left, stretches the camp. The "huts" look like a long brown wall seen from the distance. In the foreground, as you look up from the direction of the iron church, you see, in general, few signs of life. The officers and men are playing cricket yonder; a long waggon is bringing slowly over the hill casks of beer and porter to the camp; the sunlight flashes from a line of bayonets in the hollow: but from this spot you could not suppose that a small army lay quiet behind that long brown wall. Yet let the trumpet sound, at once, before the last notes have died away, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, are in their places, a grand and spirit-stirring spectacle of armed men ready to meet the enemy, and willing to march on the instant wherever duty called them.

The whole camp then swarms like a disturbed ant-hill, and the air seems alive with the quick voices of command and the sharp clash of arms.

"The camp" consists of ten spacious squares, marked by the first ten letters of the alphabet. Every square affords accommodation for a complete regiment and its officers. A large covered water-tank, a fountain, a regimental library, mess-rooms, orderly-rooms, reception-rooms, and guard-rooms are in each square. The cavalry usually camp on the near side of the Long Hill, in Donnelly's Hollow, so called from the terrific combat which gave Donnelly the pugilistic championship of Ireland half a century ago. The men are usually placed under canvas here, the horses in extensive stabling recently erected. In summer and autumn the long rows of white circular tents rising from the green sward present a most pleasing and interesting picture.

The abattoirs are at some distance from the camp. The commissariat department, on the extreme right of the Long Hill as you descend from Newbridge. Near the iron church are the constabulary barracks, a court-house, and the magistrates' lodge, all constructed of wood, but models of neatness and cleanliness, surrounded with blooming gardens. The soldiers' quarters in camp are confined, but clean and airy. The married soldiers have not sufficient accommodation, but in autumn and summer the greater portion of the day is spent in the open air.

For then all is energetic life. Here, strong young horses are broken in; there, those already trained go through their daily exercise. Yonder dark blue squares are masses of artillery in order of parade. The morning sun flashes on their Armstrong guns. See how the horses literally dance in time to the music of the band. Yonder, are the lancers performing their most graceful but deadly exercise; now, the little red and white flags tipped with shimmering steel form a long line in the air; now, they flutter against an enemy in front; now, the fatal thrust is given to a foe close beside the lancer's steed. You can trace in the distance on the hills the brilliant array of the dragoons, all a blaze of dazzling brass. Should this be a field-day, the generals and staff are out; the artillery thunders in the hollows, the infantry maintain a rain of rattling fire, regular and steady; the cavalry urge their horses to the charge. A vast cloud of white smoke, lit up with rapid flashes from the cannon, rolls over the plain. When the wind sweeps it away, cavalry, infantry, artillery, all are gone; but you hear their thunder in a distant hollow, or you see one great line of steeds and men sweeping, like a wave, above the hills. Such is our every-day life in summer. In winter comparatively few troops are camped at the Curragh; the cavalry are withdrawn to Newbridge or to Dublin, or placed in barracks through the country.

But in summer and autumn, unless the season be unnatural and unkind, the Curragh is the most delightful place imaginable. The air, scented with the odour of fresh grass and the perfume of wild flowers, exhilarates and cheers. "It acts like champagne on me," said an invalid

soldier; and so it does. Nor are we without amusements when the morning's work is over. The sportsman finds large flocks of green and grey plover, woodquists, partridges, cranes, and now and then a hare, even if he has not the run of a preserve. The Liffey and its tributary streams afford some sport to the angler; the neighbouring canal abounds in splendid perch. Our brigade and field days naturally attract visitors from Dublin, and the camp is generous in its hospitality. Then there are races at all seasons of the year, where money is lost and won. The Curragh races are famous in the sporting world, and at the Curragh Edge some of the winners of the Derby and St. Leger have been bred and trained. In winter we have the fox-hounds and the harriers, and "the meets" of the "dashing Kildares" are famous. Sometimes we have a presentation of colours to a regiment, and then all the fashionables of Dublin pour out to the Curragh, peep into the huts, and get up an impromptu dance upon the short grass or in the mess-rooms. When in the warm autumn the setting sun lights up the west with a vast sea of gold and crimson, the bands of the regiments in camp stationed on the hill slopes perform military and operatic pieces. You can hear the strains of martial music far away on the still evening air. Then the officers' ladies, transferring tables, chairs, and sofas to the sward, are "at home," dispensing tea and coffee. The great slope of the Long Hill glimmers with lamps like fire-flies. Here, at the *al fresco* tables, pleasant parties for tomorrow are beautifully arranged. Poulafouca, the Devil's Glen, the Seven Churches, and other places celebrated for their scenery, are distant only a few hours' easy drive.

But the Fenians had broken up our society rudely before the crisis came. Detachments were ordered off continually, few officers remained, and then the ladies departed on visits to relatives or friends. The camp became still and silent; the pickets were strengthened; we were as in a fortress which might be assailed, and the men were kept "within the lines," ready to march.

At this time the Great Southern and Western Railway proved one of the most powerful auxiliaries of the government. A short branch line connects the camp with the main trunk, and thus troops were conveyed secretly and almost silently at an hour's notice from quarters to any part of the disturbed districts. Regiments arriving from England in the early morning were paraded at the Curragh the same day, and drafted away immediately. Troops from Dublin were incessantly passing up and down the line to Newbridge and the camp, and from both to Limerick Junction, Tipperary, Mallow, &c., just as need required. There was no bustle or confusion. The military telegraph—one end of which is in the centre of the camp—transmitted "orders." These were instantly in the hands of the general in command. In no one case was there delay or accident. On the night of the 5th, or morning of the 6th of March, the

insurgents did some injury to the railway below Limerick Junction. They compelled some of the workmen on the line to shift the rails and move the sleepers, but a few hours set all to rights. The telegraph-wires were occasionally dragged down and severed. A rail was now and then placed across the line, but no more serious injury was done. It seemed as if the Fenians had no heart in the work, and shrank from committing any deed which might place them outside the pale of pardon by the gravity of its consequences. The railway company stationed signalmen, a mile from each other, along the line, and these, passing up and down until they met each other, secured the safety of the trains. At the several stations there seemed to be only the ordinary traffic. When the trains stopped, an officer of constabulary rapidly scrutinised the third-class carriages, and then the whistle sounded, and the trains moved on. Outside and above the station wall might be seen the shakos and gun-barrels of three or four of the police. A sudden agitation among the little crowd, and a loud exclamation, were the only indications that a capture had been made. The moment a man was arrested on suspicion or by warrant, all dropped away from him; he was at once left alone in the hands of the police, and heard no word of sympathy or pity.

These railway lines seemed almost to have been planned in anticipation of the rising, so directly do they touch the very centres of sedition. Running through the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Queen's, Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork, the railway possesses stations at Limerick Junction (where four lines meet), at Tipperary, Kilmallock, Charleville, and Mallow. From the latter town a branch runs off to Millstreet; to Killarney—where the first "rebel army" melted away among the Toomies mountains—and Tralee. The most distant of these places is but four or five hours' journey from the camp. A march of a quarter of a mile brought the men from their huts to the camp station, and then away they were whirled, full of spirit, and longing to see their enemy.

The "canteens" form a very remarkable feature of the camp. They are really extensive stores, replete with every imaginable commodity which man or woman could need. When the camp contains some thousand men and a due proportion of women, children, and followers, these canteens afford an opportunity for studying human nature in all its forms. You would know the well-conducted from the careless soldier by the mode of asking for what they needed, as well as by the articles they bought. You could guess the life, the love, the circumstances of every trim and neat-shod English girl by the purchases she made—self-denying, self-sacrificing ever. You would wish that you were rich, that you might add a little to that store of comforts the baby of a wife prepares for her husband. "He is on guard to-night, sir, and oh, it is so wet and cold!" How she weighed her few pence against the many things she wished to give him. Many an unheard blessing

have they got, those pretty, gentle English girls, far away from home and friends, but finding the world in one. Would that the State could care for them as they deserve!

These canteens are admirably conducted, yet at first they were supposed to favour the propagation of sedition. An American Celt, bearded, bronzed, and swaggering, chucked those pretty golden dollar pieces in his hand, when a few soldiers gathered round the doorway, or leaned, with their backs against the wall, in the sun. Then there was an invitation "to have a drink." When good liquor is given away, many a soldier will not refuse to share it. We know that "when the brains are out" men will talk idly and at random, partly in complaisance to their entertainer, and led by him. They may hear songs without understanding their import, and join in a chorus, too, if the air be popular or cheerful. They may be hurried into "kissing a book" without well knowing what they are about, and then they are sworn Fenians! Several were thus seduced, and, of course, betrayed, when they refused to proceed further. To protect the soldiers against these emissaries, the canteens were for a while closed against civilians. But the number of soldiers misled was greatly exaggerated. It was an important object with the Fenian leaders to impress the lower classes with a belief that many of the troops were with them. Several soldiers were tried by court-martial, and as the advocates for the prisoners availed themselves of every technical point of law, the trials were exceedingly protracted. The proceedings were fully reported in the public journals, and created an impression, as they appeared day after day, for weeks, that a considerable portion of some regiments was disaffected. A more erroneous inference was seldom drawn. The very men who had been induced to drink by foreign agents would have blown out the brains of a comrade who dared to act the traitor when the real trial came.

There was a moment when the camp might possibly have been, not taken, but burned, if the insurgents had possessed but pluck and daring. They had been prepared to attempt an attack upon the camp, too. Prior to the rising, a little pamphlet, containing what were called "the prophecies of Saint Columbkille," was most extensively circulated. In this ridiculous but mischievous publication it was foretold that "the Curragh camp should be burned in the spring of 1867." Now the huts are of wood, dry and inflammable, and if, when a wind prevailed, one or two had been set on fire, the entire range might have been consumed. Our defenders, about the middle of March, were reduced for three or four days to less than three hundred men of all arms. A thousand really determined men might have gained some prestige for the conspiracy had they even made the attempt and failed. "Five hundred resolute Fenians," said I, to a sergeant of artillery, "who would not quail if half their number fell, might do us a great mischief." "True, sir,"

said he; "but this sort of cattle do not like the open." In a few words he described the Fenian tactics. After the affair at Tallaght, the insurgents carefully avoided showing themselves on open ground near a military force. Twice, indeed, we had an alarm, utterly groundless in each case, but they proved how vigilant and ready were our men. While we were thus few in numbers, the whole extent of the camp was brilliantly lit up every night. One broad band of light, two miles in length, shone out of the darkness on the hill against the winter's night. But no enemy ever came, and soon we prepared to welcome home those who had gone from us for a time, and to commence with the budding spring our duties and our pleasures once again.

### SOCIAL SIFTINGS.

It is curious to watch the winnowing and siftings continually going on in society—to see how some men rise to the top; perhaps only like prismatic bubbles, with a prosperity as brilliant and as evanescent; while others sink down among the dregs, where their feet stick fast and never move again: how certain members of the same family carry all before them, while others drop out of the line before half the running is made—yet both apparently started fair together, evenly handicapped and of equal training. Everywhere we see these strange siftings and vicissitudes—the "struggle for existence" going on through the whole of life, social as well as physical, and, in spite of venerable advice to the contrary, the race being for the most part to the swift and the battle to the strong. Sir Bernard Burke's admirable book on the Vicissitudes of Families is the completest as well as the most interesting exponent of such changes existing; and although reviewers have already made large draughts from its contents, enough remains behind for many a half-mournful citation. Romance and truth were never so thoroughly blended. As a record of exceptional family histories, these volumes by Ulster King of Arms challenge, for the amusement they contain, the subtlest invention; for they trace down to its final resting-place in the mire of the valley, many a lofty family tree which once stood on the very crest of the hill. Who, at one time, could equal the Plantagenets? But among the latest descendants of that house were a cobbler and a sexton. A butcher and a toll-gatherer were among the lineal descendants of a king's son (Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward the First), and as such entitled to quarter the royal arms and to call cousin with the Queen; while the direct descendants of Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived, matched these royal dregs in poverty and obscure condition. Thomas, the great-grandson of Oliver, was a grocer on Snow-hill; and his son, Oliver, was an attorney in London. In the female line, one was married to a shoe-



maker; another to a butcher's son, her fellow-servant; a third to a jeweller; and a fourth to an attorney, at his decease keeping a small day-school for her bread. A Percy, it must be owned with rather a shady title, was a trunk-maker, and contended manfully for what he deemed his rights. One of the great Nevilles, a direct descendant of the proud "Peacock of the North," sued royalty for a pittance to keep her from starvation. John, Earl of Traquhair, cousin of James the Sixth, stood begging in the streets of Edinburgh, receiving alms "as humbly and thankfully as the poorest suppliant;" and an Urquhart of Burdsyard, one of the famous Urquharts of Cromarty, came as a wandering beggar to his own hall door.

Then think of a "Princess of Connemara" dying of misery on board a small sailing vessel, and enabled to be on board at all only by the charity of friends. She was one of the great Martins of Galway, and came into nominal possession of an estate of which the then owner boasted to George the Fourth that it gave "an approach from his gate-house to his hall of thirty miles length." But Irish recklessness and Irish hospitality in time crumpled up those thirty miles of land into a six-foot plank on board a wretched sailing vessel, and the poor half-starved princess, the last of her great house, died an exile and a pauper. The Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, commonly called Dick Martin's Act, was framed by that same Richard Martin of Galway. It was a pity that he could not exchange a little of his excessive tenderness for animals for some common sense and consideration for human beings.

The story of the glove-maker, William Maclellan, Lord Kirkcudbright, is also another singular instance of social changes. The Kirkcudbright estates were carried off by creditors in 1669; and, as there was nothing left but the empty title, the various heirs and possessors of that dignity forbore to use it, and got their living as they best could; the lord under present notice getting his as a glove-maker. He used to stand in the lobby of the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh selling gloves to the ball-goers; for, according to the fashion of the time, a new pair was required for every fresh dance. He used to join the company at the ball following the election of a representative peer, at which he himself had given his vote. Then, as a gentleman and nobleman, he danced with the ladies to whom he had been glove-maker and servant all the rest of the year. His son went into the army, attained the rank of colonel, and, "not satisfied with anything short of legal recognition, submitted his peerage claim to the House of Lords, by whose decision he was declared seventh Lord Kirkcudbright on the 8th of May, 1773."

"The Norwiches rose and fell by the smiles of woman." In the beginning of things, "Margaret Holt, the heiress of Brampton manor, gave her heart and hand to Simon de Norwich, and endowed him with her mansion and lands;" and his grandson, another Simon

de Norwich, also married an heiress, and acquired much goods and lands thereby. So the wheel of fortune went merrily round for many a generation, until the hitch came in the time of Sir William Norwich, who drank, and gamed, and rioted through life more luxuriously than virtuously, losing his estates at card-playing, it is said, to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—by no means one of the kind to let loose what she had once grasped. He withdrew to Harborough, and died there in great poverty, 1741. Though buried with his kindred in Brampton church, no stone or tablet marks the spot or records his name. The title passed to another branch of the family; but a title without estates is but a poor patrimony, and the last English descendant of the Norwiches, "Sir Samuel Norwich," was for many years a sawyer in Kettering. He was the eldest son of Sir John who died in the parish workhouse, and whose widow was a laundress. She was very poor and very ignorant, and died in 1860, aged eighty. The present heir of the family and holder of the title, Sir William Norwich, is in America, and said to be doing well; so perhaps the old family will be revived in the future generations, all the wiser for their bitter experience.

The story of Viscount Kingsland is again one of the strangest of strange romances. Descended from one of the old Anglo-Norman families of Ireland—the Barnewalls of Meath—the Viscounts Kingsland were among the foremost families of olden times; but, by the severance of land from title the estates passed into other hands, and the name alone remained to a race of paupers as a high-sounding mockery in a reality of social misery. At last the mockery itself fell into disuse, until Mr. Hitchcock, a solicitor, took up the case and carried it to so much of a triumphant end as the reader may determine according to his own lights. We will give Mr. Hitchcock's letter—addressed to Ulster King of Arms—in extenso, not being able to improve on it:

"Dublin, September 26, 1862.

"My dear Sir Bernard. When the late Lord Kingsland established his claim to the peerage, I was a mere boy; but as my father was the solicitor to whose enterprise, talent, and pecuniary support he was indebted for success, he was very much at our house during the progress of the proceedings, and his extraordinary story became as familiar to the family 'as household words.' I am therefore enabled from recollection, although half a century has elapsed since the time of which I speak, to give you some outline of his antecedents. He was born in some obscure part of Dublin, and 'educated' in the vicinity of Castle Market, where it was said he made his 'first appearance in public' in the 'onerous' part of a basket-boy, his success in which character led to his promotion in the course of time to the more elevated position of under-waiter at a tavern in Dawson-street. It subsequently appears that, although in so lowly a sphere, he entertained a dreamy notion, derived

from family tradition, that, as he bore the name of the Kingsland family, he might by some turn of the wheel of fortune become entitled to its honours and estates. The Lord Kingsland of that time was a lunatic, residing in an asylum in France, and was under the guardianship of his relative, Lord Trimleston. A false rumour of that lord's death reached Matthew Barnewall while he was officiating at the tavern in Dawson-street, and acting upon the traditional notion of heirship, under the advice of his then companions and friends, Matthew mustered a strong force of the employés of the tavern and the market which had been the school of his early training, and with that formidable array proceeded forthwith to survey the family mansion, of which he took instant possession. There he cut down timber, lighted bonfires, and for some short time indulged in the exercise of rude hospitality to the companions who had escorted him, and the rabble which he collected in the neighbourhood. His rejoicings were, however, but short-lived. Lord Trimleston, the guardian of the lunatic peer, applied to the Court of Chancery, and poor Matthew was committed to Newgate under an attachment for contempt. While in the prison he was advised to apply to my father for his legal advice and assistance, through which he was after some time set at liberty. At that period he was quite unable to trace his pedigree, and being utterly illiterate—unable even to write his name—he could give but little assistance to his legal adviser in testing the justice of the claim which, in the midst of his almost Cimmerian darkness, he still insisted upon to the right of succession to the Kingsland peerage. My father, however, being a man of sanguine temperament, as well as superior talents, saw that there was something in the claim, and took up the case with such ardour, that he soon discovered a clue, which led him step by step through the difficulties which lay in the way of tracing a pedigree amidst so much ignorance, until at length there was but one missing link in the chain; and this was, after much research, supplied by the evidence of one Lucinda Ambridge, a woman upwards of a hundred years old. In the mean time, the lunatic peer *actually* died; and when Matthew's pedigree was completed, and the proofs forthcoming, the claim was brought before the House of Lords, and, after due investigation admitted. During the progress of tracing the pedigree, and pending the decision of the House of Lords, the expectant peer was clothed and supported by my father, and was frequently at our house. He was at first very modest, and could scarcely be enticed beyond the mat at the hall door, and when brought into the room, he sat, as such men do, on the least possible edge of a chair. By degrees, however, he grew in confidence, and, being a good-humoured man, his conversation was very amusing, what Lord Dabery would call his 'cakalology,' or Dr. Pangloss his 'cacology,' being extremely rich. It would not be easy to do justice in description to his ex-

ultation and pride at being acknowledged by the House of Lords. But his elevation was accompanied by a sad drawback. The property which should have gone with the title, consisting, I believe, chiefly of church advowsons, had lapsed to the crown, owing to some want of conformity to the established Church on the part of some of the ancestors, and could not be recovered. A poor peer's pension of five hundred pounds a year was granted to the new Lord Viscount Kingsland and Baron of Turvey; but, alas! my father never was paid anything for his outlay and professional labour. All he got was the éclat, and the satisfaction of having achieved so great a triumph. Lord Kingsland was married in early life to a woman in his then class, who died before his elevation to the peerage, leaving only one child, a son, who lived to be the Honourable Mr. Barnewall, and heir apparent to the peerage, but died within a few years after his father had established his claim. After some time, Lord Kingsland married a Miss Bradshaw, an English lady, but died without issue; and consequently the title is extinct, although it is said, and probably with truth, that an heir could be found amongst the poorest classes in Dublin. My lord's sayings and doings are most amusing. As I mentioned his cacology, I will give you a sample. His second wife took great pains to improve him, but in vain. When he came here under her tutelage, she watched his words, and always corrected him, even before company. One day, being asked to take some lunch, he declined, saying, 'I have been eating *selves* all day.' My Lady, correcting, said, 'Sandwiches, my Lord.' He replied, 'Ah, my Lady, I wish you'd be quiet, you're always *rebuting* me.'

"Poor fellow! He had a hard time of it. What between my lady and his own lordship, he must have often wished himself back among the free-and-easy 'Bohemians' of his early association."

When the lordly Nevilles went down to the dregs, Cole, the blacksmith, rose to the surface—rose so high, indeed, that his grandson bought the Nevilles' castle of Brancepeth. The family of Cole, however, fell as suddenly as it rose—its prosperity being little but a prismatic bubble of great show and splendour while it lasted, but of no stability; and after the life of Sir Ralph, the second baronet, the great house that had been raised on the foundation of the smithy crashed to the ground, and the last grandson of Sir Ralph died in such utter want that he had to be buried by the charity of a cousin. Then there was the strange story of the Earldom of Huntingdon, and how Mr. Nugent Bell dug and delved among the ruins and rubbish of the past till he had unearthed his friend's claim, and transferred Captain Hastings, R.N., from the quarter-deck to the House of Lords; but the most romantic of all "Ulster's" stories is that of the Anglesey claim.

In 1706, Arthur Lord Altham married Mary Sheffield, the natural daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1715, some years after the

marriage, Lady Altham gave birth to a son at Dunmain, the family residence in Wexford, which son was christened by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, chaplain of Lord Altham, and called, after his grandfather, James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey. Two gentlemen of repute in the parish, Anthony Colclough and Anthony Cliffe respectively, were the godfathers, and Mrs. Pigot, of Tintern, was the godmother. The Earl of Mount Alexander swore to the birth of the child, inasmuch as he had heard Lord Altham say, with an oath, that "his wife had got a son which would make his brother's nose swell," which is apparently an unusual version of putting that member out of joint. Indeed, there seemed in those days nothing to which to object in the transaction, and everything was open and confessed enough. Two years after the birth of the child Lord and Lady Altham separated, and my lord took the boy with him from place to place till he cast anchor in Carlow, where he took back a former mistress, with whom he finally settled in Dublin in the year 1722. She called herself then Lady Altham; though the real wife was alive, poorly pensioned, and in delicate health. In 1729, the real Lady Altham died. Lord Altham, of course, like all Irish peers, wanted money. He could not raise it unless joined in the loan by his son, who was too young for this. He therefore (this is the theory) resolved to get rid of him as a useless burden, and sent him to a person called Cavanagh, from whom, however, the lad escaped back to Lord Altham. But when he reached his old house he was refused admittance, denied acknowledgment; and so perforce went out into darkness and distress, and became henceforth a vagabond about the streets. In 1727, Lord Altham died, and his brother became Lord Altham in his stead, succeeding ten years after to the earldom of Anglesey as well.

A year after his brother's death, Lord Altham sought out his nephew, kidnapped him—so the story runs—and shipped him on board the *Janus*, under the name of James Hennesley. He was taken to America, and sold to a planter, one Drummond, in Pennsylvania, and kept on the plantation for thirteen years. An old woman, a fellow-slave, was very kind to him, and when she died, perhaps feeling that he had lost his only friend, he tried to make his escape, but was recaptured, and transferred to another master because of the brutality of Drummond. The twelve months' servitude, which was all now remaining of the original bond, was lengthened into five years, as a punishment for his attempt. Here, in his second term, a young Iroquois Indian girl fell in love with him; and it seems that his master's daughter did something of the same kind too; whereupon the Indian nearly murdered her mistress, and then drowned herself. James Hennesley was again sold; and this time placed on a plantation near that of his old master, Drummond, where two Indians, brothers to the young Iroquois girl, tried to murder him; but succeeded only in wounding him severely, and giving him two months' sickness. Then, so he

said, he discovered a plot, wherein the mistress of the establishment, his master's wife, had agreed to rob her husband, and escape to Europe with the slave of a neighbouring planter. His peccant wife sought to tamper with the young man's fidelity; but, failing in this, she tried to poison him. Now he escaped in reality, and went as a sailor before the mast on board a British man-of-war; where Admiral Vernon heard his story, and, believing in it, sent him to England to try his luck in the law courts. His first appearance there was as prisoner on the charge of murder, he having accidentally shot a man named Egglestone; and when asked whether he would plead guilty or not guilty, his answer was a fine bit of melodramatic indignation:

"My Lord, I observe that I am indicted by the name of James Hennesley, *labourer*, the lowest addition my enemies could possibly make use of; but though I claim to be Earl of Anglesey, and a peer of this realm, I submit to plead not guilty to this indictment, and put myself immediately upon my country, conscious of my own innocence, and impatient to be acquitted even of the imputation of a crime so unbecoming the dignity I claim."

He was acquitted. After this came the more important trial for the earldom, in which also James Hennesley was victorious; and thus it came to pass that the vagabond of the streets, the ill-used slave on the plantation, became Earl of Anglesey and a peer of the realm. But he never assumed the title, and died in 1760, leaving two sons, who did not long survive him, the one dying in 1763, and the other in 1764. There was another trial about the same earldom a few years later, but it is not sufficiently interesting to report.

Some analogy to this great Anglesey case may be found in the strange Tichborne story going on at this moment, and likely to go on for some time yet before it is finally arranged. When Sir James Francis Doughty, tenth baronet, and father of the late Sir Alfred Tichborne, eleventh baronet, came to the title and estates on the death of his brother in 1853, he had two sons, Roger Charles, born in 1829, and Alfred Joseph, born in 1839—the two boys being of the ages of fourteen and twenty-four respectively. The year after his father's accession, Roger, an ex-lieutenant in the 6th Dragoons, left England in anger; declaring that he would never return during his father's lifetime; and sailed for South America to see what fortune and energy would give him in a new life. However, the ship in which he had embarked was wrecked, and young Tichborne was assumed to have gone to the bottom with the rest. Years passed on. Alfred grew up, and married the daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour; and in 1862 Sir James, the father, died, and Alfred succeeded to the title and estates. But he did not keep them long. He was wonderfully extravagant during his short period of possession, and ran through his property with that mad haste which some young men have to free themselves from the encum-

brance of wealth. "He raced, built yachts, and got over head and ears in debt," says one account; his last plaything being a pony, which used to come on the table after dinner. In February, 1866, he died without children; but two months after Lady Tichborne gave birth to a son, who thus became the infant baronet and the supposed lawful heir. Early on New Year's day last, a man, professing to be the Roger Charles Tichborne supposed to be dead twelve years and more, arrived at Tichborne Park, and claimed the estates. He saw his mother, the Dowager Lady Tichborne, and satisfied her as to his identity; he saw, too, some of the older tenantry at Alresford, and after having convinced them that his eyes twinkled and his right knee turned inwards, as the real young Roger's used to do, and after having given one man, by particular request, "a full-faced view of his back," he was accepted among them all as the right thing, how oddly so ever his return had been brought about, and hailed as the indisputable heir of the estate. The young Lady Tichborne, however, and her friends, naturally dispute his claim in favour and defence of the child's rights; and the matter is still unsettled; giving frequent occasion for newspaper paragraphs of conflicting views—some holding to the new man's identity, and others to his false impersonation, and each putting forth various anecdotes of more or less questionable authenticity, proving the right and justice of the two beliefs. The man's account of himself is full of interest and adventure. When he left England, in 1853, he went to South America, crossing from Peru to Rio Janeiro, and there embarking in a small schooner, the *Bella*, of Liverpool, bound for Jamaica. The schooner foundered by the way. Proof of this was given by sundry spars and fragments picked up at sea, sufficient at least to convince the underwriters who paid the insurance, and the family at Alfreton, who mourned the son they make dead to themselves and the world at large. But Roger, or at least the man who assumes to be Roger, says that he was rescued from the wreck by a schooner, the *Osprey*, and by her conveyed to Australia, where he took the name of De Castro, living at a place called Wagga-Wagga, and following the not very aristocratic calling of a horse-dealer and butcher. Here he heard of his father's death, and young Alfred's accession to the title; but not wishing to disturb his brother, he said, of whom he had been always fond, he kept himself and his claims in abeyance, until news of his death, too, came to him, and that he had died without leaving any children behind him. He was told this by one Andrew Bogle, an old negro servant of his uncle's, Sir Edward Doughty; and on hearing it he determined to come back to England with his wife and child, and claim the title and estates which were his by right. How the case will turn remains to be seen, but which way so ever it

goes, it will form in the future, as now in the present, a cause célèbre.

The Smyths of Ashton Court had a fight for their possessions. There was something of quite old-time high-handedness in the way in which "Sir Richard Smyth," accompanied by his solicitor, Mr. Rodham, waited upon Mr. Way, the uncle and guardian of the young heir, demanding the keys of the mansion, and the instant discharge of the servants, and giving them all two hours for preparation and departure. That first interview ended by both claimant and solicitor being handed over to the servants, and "deposited outside the house"—a mild periphrasis for being "kicked out of the house." Mr. Rodham would not have more to do with the matter, but Mr. Cattlin, another solicitor, would. The tenantry had notices not to pay their rents save to himself, as "Sir Richard's" agent; and Sir Richard and his family affected quite courtly pomp at Bristol where they lived; which was a slight change in the condition of a man who, but a year ago, had been a pauper. All sorts of rumours were afloat concerning wills and legal documents of supreme importance; and on the last day of Trinity Term, 1853, Mr. Cattlin served Mr. Way with a writ of ejectment, at the same time informing the family solicitors that "he was in possession of a will under the seal and signature of Sir Hugh Smyth, which rendered the title of his client, Sir Richard Smyth, indisputable." "Sir Richard," it must be observed, claimed to be the old man's heir by a first and secret marriage. Also, there was a brooch, a seal, a portrait, and a pigtail. Mr. Bovill, the plaintiff's counsel, made out a capital case. But after Sir Frederick Thesiger had handled it, the case collapsed. By skilful cross-examination he brought out these startling facts: that the so-called Sir Richard Smyth was in truth neither more nor less than the son of old John Provis, of Warminster; that he himself had had the name of Jane Gookin (plaintiff's grandmother) engraved on the brooch; that he himself, too, had ordered the seal with the Smyth arms, and the motto, "Qui capit capitor," the faulty vowel slipping into the legend undetected; that he had tampered with writings, and forged the documents; and that, being inexpert, he had written the will, dated 1823, on parchment prepared in a certain only too modern way; and that he had sent the will to himself through Frederick Crane. His last proof, a pigtail two feet long, with which he said he had been born, as was his son—though his was only six inches long—was not held conclusive against the evidence of fraud and forgery; and the jury brought him in guilty, and the judge sentenced him to twenty years' transportation. The forged will, the Bible, the jewels, the picture, and the pigtail were all impounded, and are still in the possession of the family. The suit cost the Smyths nearly six thousand pounds; but they have the pigtail to show for their money.

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# The Mutual Life Assurance Society,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1834.

39, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE,

LONDON.

THIS Society was established strictly on the **Mutual system**, *i.e.* the Division of the **whole Profits** among all the **Policy-holders**.

There is no **Share Capital**, and therefore no Interest to pay out of Profits. The Society commenced with no Capital, and after having paid every Claim, with large Bonuses, has now an Accumulated Fund of **£601,217**. On 1st January, 1867, the Annual Income was **£90,550**. The Sums Assured amounted to **£2,111,486**.

Every Member is entitled to vote at each General Meeting, and a Statement of Accounts and Balance Sheet is supplied Annually to each Member.

Care is exercised in the selection of Lives for Assurance, and quality preferred to quantity of business.

Economy in the management and prudence in the investment of the Funds of the Society are studied.

The Division of Profits is made **Annually**. Taking one Policy with another, the Sum of **£141 10s.** was paid during the last year for every **£100** Assured. The Bonuses on the Policies becoming Claims average more than **Two and a Half per Cent. per Annum** on the Sum Assured for every Premium paid.

During the last FIVE years the Society has paid **£119,928**, the AMOUNT OF SUMS ASSURED, and **£40,083** in ADDITION AS BONUSES there-

on, together £160,011, whilst ALL THE PREMIUMS received in respect of all such Assurances, improved at 4 per Cent. per Annum, compound interest, would AMOUNT ONLY TO £105,803. The Assurers in those cases, therefore, realized a clear Profit of £54,208, or 51 PER CENT, upon their payments; notwithstanding which, in those five years the Surplus or Profit Fund increased from £178,790 to £259,029.

Every Member participates in the Profits from the date of his Policy, after payment of the Second Premium.

**It is believed no Assurance Society can show equally remunerative returns to its Policy-holders.**

Policies forfeited by the accidental non-payment of Premium, are restored without re-appearance, on proof satisfactory to the Directors that the non-payment was really accidental; or the holders of forfeited Policies may, on application within Twelve Calendar Months from the date of forfeiture receive a Sum equal to the surrender value on the last day of grace.

General Licences to reside in any part of the world are granted in special cases at an Annual extra Premium of 2s. 6d. per cent, or at a single extra Premium of 10s. per cent. on the Sum Assured.

Passages, without payment of extra Premium, may be made to Canada, also to the United States with residence there within certain limits. Residence in several parts of the world free; and the extra Premiums charged for climate risk in other places very moderate.

Loans on the Society's Policies are made to Members to very nearly the extent of the surrender value.

To Members unable to continue paying their Premiums, a new Policy, free from all Premium, is granted for the full surrender value of the old Policy, such new Policy participating in Profits.

No change is made for the stamp on the Policy; and Medical Fees are paid.

The large Bonuses are shown in Example (A) of the Additions to Six Policies recently become Claims by Death.

(A)

No. of Policy.	Date of Policy.	Age at Entrance.	Annual Premium.	Sum Assured.	Bonus.	Total Amount paid by the Society.
			£ s. d.	£	£	£
21	1834	58	58 0 10	1000	924	1924
27	1834	42	17 18 4	500	349	849
230	1836	50	45 6 8	1000	774	1774
1204	1846	42	35 16 8	1000	437	1437
1795	1851	53	105 5 0	2000	760	2760
4663	1863	24	22 16 9	1050	37	1087

(B)

Date of Policy.	Age at Entrance.	Sum Assured.	Original Annual Premium now wholly extinguished.	Additions since the Premiums were extinguished.
		£	£ s. d.	£
1835	26	1000	22 1 8	47
1835	32	1000	25 16 8	106
1836	50	1000	45 6 8	309
1841	48	350	14 17 10	41
1843	61	200	14 18 8	61
1848	65	100	9 0 4	21

The beneficial operation of the system of REDUCTION OF PREMIUMS, adopted by this Society, is shown in Example (B) of Six Policies.

Not only have the **Premiums** been **extinguished**, but **Bonuses** have since been and will continue to be **added** to the Policies.

### PROFIT SCALE—SINGLE LIFE.

ANNUAL PREMIUMS, PAYABLE DURING LIFE, FOR THE ASSURANCE OF £100 AT DEATH.

Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.	Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.	Age next Birthday.	Annual Premium.
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
15	1 15 7	32	2 12 7	49	4 8 9
16	1 16 6	33	2 14 0	50	4 12 7
17	1 17 5	34	2 15 8	51	4 17 1
18	1 18 3	35	2 17 5	52	5 0 0
19	1 19 1	36	2 19 4	53	5 5 3
20	1 19 11	37	3 1 2	54	5 9 7
21	2 0 10	38	3 3 3	55	5 14 4
22	2 1 8	39	3 5 4	56	5 19 2
23	2 2 7	40	3 7 6	57	6 4 6
24	2 3 6	41	3 9 9	58	6 10 1
25	2 4 7	42	3 11 8	59	6 16 1
26	2 5 7	43	3 13 8	60	7 2 0
27	2 6 9	44	3 15 9	61	7 9 4
28	2 7 10	45	3 17 11	62	7 15 9
29	2 8 11	46	4 0 2	63	8 2 8
30	2 10 2	47	4 2 7	64	8 10 1
31	2 11 4	48	4 5 1	65	8 18 3

Profits may be applied, after Eight Annual Payments, in the reduction of the Premium.

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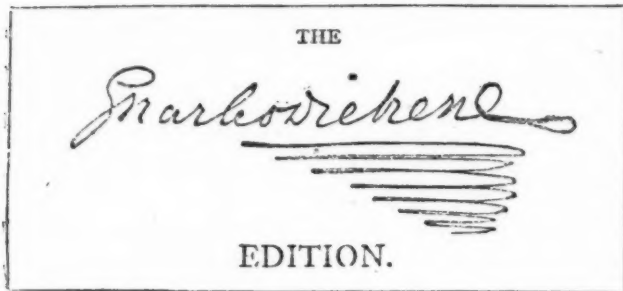
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[SEE SPECIMEN PAGE ON THE OTHER SIDE.]

"A glass of water!" said the passionate Wardle. "Bring a bucket, and throw it all over her; it'll do her good, and she richly deserves it."

"Ugh, you brute!" ejaculated the kind-hearted landlady. "Poor dear." And with sundry ejaculations, of "Come now, there's a dear—drink a little of this—it'll do you good—don't give way so—there's a love," &c., &c., the landlady, assisted by a chamber-maid, proceeded to vinegar the forehead, beat the hands, titillate the nose, and unlace the stays of the spinster aunt, and to administer such other restoratives as are usually applied by compassionate females to ladies who are endeavouring to ferment themselves into hysterics.

"Coach is ready, sir," said Sam, appearing at the door.

"Come along," cried Wardle. "I'll carry her down stairs."

At this proposition, the hysterics came on with redoubled violence.

The landlady was about to enter a very violent protest against this proceeding, and had already given vent to an indignant inquiry whether Mr. Wardle considered himself a lord of the creation, when Mr. Jingle interposed—

"Boots," said he, "get me an officer."

"Stay, stay," said little Mr. Perker. "Consider, sir, consider."

"I'll not consider," replied Jingle. "She's her own mistress—see who dares to take her away—unless she wishes it."

"I *won't* be taken away," murmured the spinster aunt. I *don't* wish it." (Here there was a frightful relapse.)

"My dear sir," said the little man, in a low tone, taking Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick apart: "My dear sir, we're in a very awkward situation. It's a distressing case—very; I never knew one more so; but really, my dear sir, really we have no power to control this lady's actions. I warned you before we came, my dear sir, that there was nothing to look to but a compromise."

There was a short pause.

"What kind of compromise would you recommend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, my dear sir, our friend's in an unpleasant position—very much so. We must be content to suffer some pecuniary loss."

"I'll suffer any, rather than submit to this disgrace, and let her, fool as she is, be made miserable for life," said Wardle.

"I rather think it can be done," said the bustling little man. "Mr. Jingle, will you step with us into the next room for a moment?"

Mr. Jingle assented, and the quartette walked into an empty apartment.

"Now, sir," said the little man, as he carefully closed the door, "is there no way of accommodating this matter—step this way, sir, for a moment—into this window, sir, where we can be alone—there, sir, there, pray sit down, sir. Now, my dear sir, between you and I, we know very well, my dear sir, that you have run off with this lady for the sake of her money. Don't frown, sir, don't frown; I say, between you and I, *we* know it. We are both men of the world, and *we* know very well that our friends here, are not—eh?"

Mr. Jingle's face gradually relaxed; and something distantly resembling a wink quivered for an instant in his left eye.

"Very good, very good," said the little man, observing the impression he had made. "Now the fact is, that beyond a few hundreds, the lady has little or nothing till the death of her mother—fine old lady, my dear sir."

"*Old*," said Mr. Jingle, briefly but emphatically.

"Why, yes," said the attorney with a slight cough. "You are right, my dear sir, she is *rather* old. She comes of an old family though, my dear sir; old in every sense of the word. The founder of that family came into Kent, when Julius Cæsar invaded Britain;—only one member of it, since, who hasn't lived to eighty-five, and *he* was beheaded by one of the Henrys. The old lady is not







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HONOURABLE MENTION was awarded it at the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851.  
A PRIZE MEDAL was awarded for it at the New York Exhibition in 1853; and  
A PRIZE MEDAL was also awarded for it at the International Exhibition in London, 1862.  
HER MAJESTY'S LACE DRESSER says that it is the best she has tried; and  
HUNDREDS OF GROCERS, &c., say that it pleases their Customers better than any other;

and perhaps the most striking proof of all is, that the demand for

**THE GLENFIELD STARCH**  
HAS CONTINUED TO INCREASE RAPIDLY.

The Manufacturers have every confidence in asserting, that if those Ladies and Laundresses who do not regularly use this STARCH would disregard the advice of interested dealers, who are allowed extra profits on inferior articles, and give it a fair trial, they would then feel satisfied with the very superior finish which it imparts to Laces, Linens, Muslins, &c., the great saving of trouble in its application, and the entire absence of dis-  
appointment with the results; and would, for the future, like

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS, USE NO OTHER.**

To be had of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, &c., and Wholesale of the Manufacturers,

**ROBERT WOTHERSPOON & CO.,**

STARCH PURVEYORS TO

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**VICTORIA LOZENGES.**—A great variety of flavours, in Packets at One Penny and upwards.

**LOZENGES and COMFITS.**—Every variety, in bulk and in Packets.

**CANDIES or BOILED SWEETS.**—In great variety, highly flavoured.

**JUJUBES**, and all kinds of Gum Sweets.

**CONFECTIONERY** of every kind.

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**SCOTCH JAMS AND JELLIES** in every variety.

**BISCUITS**, including—

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Pearl, and every description of Machine  
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**PATENT CORN FLOUR, &c.**

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MACLURE, MACDONALD, AND MACGREGOR, LONDON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, AND GLASGOW.

**PURVEYORS OF STARCH**

**TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES**

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH**

**DOMINE DIRIGE NOS LONDON**

**LET GLASGOW FLOUR MILL GLASGOW**

**EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL FOR ITS SUPERIORITY AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.**

**WHEN YOU ASK FOR GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, SEE THAT YOU GET IT!!**  
 As inferior Kinds are often substituted.  
**WOTHERSPOON & CO, GLASGOW & LONDON.**







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